

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

An Impertinent
Offer

THE head of the Malayan Communist Party, Chin Peng, has made what many will regard as an impertinent offer to the Chief Minister of the Federation, Tengku Abdul Rahman. He rejects an amnesty and offers instead "peace negotiations". He calls for an agenda, warns that the talks will be full of difficulties and obstacles and has the blatant cheek to add that the Communist terrorists have been slandered by the Malayan press. The rejection of Singapore's Chief Minister, Mr David Marshall, and the Tengku is awaited with interest. It is to be hoped that they are equally firm in rejecting Chin Peng's proposal for it is this attitude to be tolerated by the two governments and if an agreement is to be forged on this basis, there is a very grave danger that the Communists will emerge triumphant with a free pardon to wreak new mischief in Malaya.

LET it be said immediately that had the amnesty been successful, the terrorists, or at least those not guilty of any major crime, would have been freed. But with an important difference. They would be released on condition that they become loyal citizens of the Federation working for a free, strong and independent Malaya. Only to that extent can Communists be recognised.

Chin Peng's letter is high-handed in the extreme. What can the only conclusion be? If talks begin on this basis, they will immediately give "face" to the terrorists in the eyes of the Malayan people. No longer will they be pursued and hunted minority, on the run throughout the state. They will come to be regarded by many as the victors of the guerilla war and a potent force which the two governments are seeking to accommodate for the sake of peace at any price.

Long drawn-out talks are suggested which indicate that they will fight for as much political freedom as possible. The people of Malaya want peace—that is understandable, after eight years of frustrations and restrictions—but peace only on the Governments' terms. Otherwise the British defence of Malaya in the postwar years will have been just wasted effort.

Soviet Stimulation Of Arms Race To Continue

DULLES REPORTS ON GENEVA

Washington, Nov. 18. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, in a speech here tonight assured the world that President Eisenhower remains firm in his decision to work for world peace despite the disappointing results of the Geneva conference.

Mr Dulles reported to the nation on the Big Four foreign ministers' conference in Geneva, from which he has just returned. The substance of his speech, broadcast over radio and television net works, was approved by President Eisenhower.

Mr Dulles said that when he saw Mr Eisenhower at Gettysburg this morning, and reported to him on the Geneva conference, the President told him (Dulles) the following:

"I know that no setback, no obstacle to progress, will ever deter this Government and our people from the great effort to establish a just and durable peace."

"Success may be long in coming, but there is no temporal force so capable of helping achieve it as the strength, the might, the spirit of 165 million free Americans. In striving toward this shining goal, this country will never admit defeat."

Mr Dulles' own evaluation of Russia's attitude was that although Moscow is not yet willing to meet the West in the acid test of German reunification and a European security pact, neither are the Soviets reverting to a cold war atmosphere. "That testing," he said, "so far as it has gone, has shown that the Soviet leaders would like to have at least the appearance of co-operative relations with the Western leaders. But it has shown that they are not yet willing to create the indispensable conditions for a secure peace."

But a refusal to negotiate for the reunification of Germany, Mr Dulles said, seriously set back the growth of any confidence the free world can justifiably place in Soviet promises.

"However," he added, "they seem not to want to revert to the earlier reliance on threats and evasions. In that respect the spirit of Geneva still survives."

Mr Dulles also said that nothing had happened at the Foreign Ministers' conference to change President Eisenhower's estimate that world war is now less likely than before the summit meeting.—United Press.

FUNNELING WEAPONS INTO MIDDLE EAST

Washington, Nov. 18. Russia is going ahead with its campaign of funneling arms into the Middle East despite US warnings it may lead to a new war, diplomatic reports said today.

Informed sources said Secretary of State John Foster Dulles tried but failed to win from Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav M. Molotov a commitment to stop future arms shipments into the explosive Middle East.

Mr Dulles was understood to have told Mr Molotov privately at the Geneva Foreign Ministers' meeting that the United States is seriously concerned about shipments of weapons to Egypt from Communist Czechoslovakia.

But informed sources said Mr Molotov made no promises to stop the shipments. Instead, the poker-faced old diplomat told Mr Dulles the Czech deal was purely commercial with no political motivation and he did not expect it to lead to trouble.

Director Allen W. Dulles of the Central Intelligence Agency said recently the Soviet Union has thousands of modern fighting weapons which are gradually becoming surplus or obsolete. Many of these already have gone to Red China and to Indo-China.

ARAB CAMPAIGN

The Arab world continued its intensive campaign to bar Israel from getting arms or a security guarantee from the United States. Syrian Ambassador Furiat Zaideddine warned the United States yesterday that an American security guarantee to Israel could lead to war in the Middle East.

Israel is seeking both weapons and a formal security guarantee from the United States on grounds they are needed to safeguard her from her Arab enemies.

The United States is reluctant to agree to the security arrangement. It feels Israel is adequately protected now by the 1950 US-British-French declaration which pledges action to prevent threatened border violations.

The United States, however, is considering a list of arms Israel wants to buy at bargain prices. If the United States decides the sale is wise, it could make it easy for Israel to finance the transaction.

Informed sources believe the decision will be forthcoming on the Israeli request until after Christmas.—United Press.

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China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights of today's feature section:

P. 5: The Maharajah's pyramids. A world's strangest glory by Chandra Kala; How the Big Powers would act to crush any flare-up in the Middle East, by James Wickenden.
P. 6: A Noah's Ark in Space: the second in our series "Journey to the Stars", by Jonathan Leonard.
P. 7: Gladiators of Len-Jasko; another in the series of Half-forgotten Heroes, by Dudley Pope.
P. 8: Sleeping habits of famous people; Amanda Marshall's findings.
P. 13: Les Armour writes the Archbishop of Canterbury.
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports review.

Red China's Price For Freeing Japanese

Geneva, Nov. 18. Red China's price for freeing up to 7,000 Japanese citizens is trade and diplomatic relations between the two countries, it was learned tonight.

Red China still has not replied to a Japanese request to initiate discussions on repatriation of Japanese nationals four months after the original demand, Japanese Consul-General Kelchi Tetsuoka said.

"I am not here to barter their freedom. Any talk of establishing trade and diplomatic relations between Japan and Red China is premature," he added. Neither Japan nor the United States recognizes the Peking regime. For some time, however, the Reds have been urging Japan to enter normal relations.

NOT INTERNED

Tokyo began direct contact with China in Geneva on July 15 to try and prepare repatriation of its nationals who are mainly technicians and industrial experts. Many of them have not been home for more than 15 years, although they are not interned.

Mr Tetsuoka handed a note to the Chinese Consulate on July 15 asking that arrangements be made to permit the return of these Japanese in China who wish to leave.

Mr Tetsuoka and his Red Chinese counterpart Mr Shen Ping have met five times since the talks began. At their last meeting in the Chinese Consulate in October Mr Shen Ping named his price—trade and diplomatic relations.

Mr Tetsuoka said tonight he has submitted this reply to Tokyo. He added: "I know of no Chinese proposal to send a Japanese Government mission to Peking."

Reports stemming from Tokyo indicated that such a proposal has been made.

Mr Tetsuoka said there was no date fixed for his next meeting with Mr Shen Ping.

DIFFICULT SITUATION

Diplomats here realise that Japan is in a difficult situation with Red China. The first Japanese effort to start talks with Red China came just two weeks before the opening of the Sino-American parity which is now running into its fourth month.

Western diplomats believe that once arranged the Sino-Japanese repatriation talks would be expected to serve as a prelude to future wide contacts. This would somewhat parallel the Sino-American talks which have now gone on to other practical matters at issue following the dribble release of a number of American citizens imprisoned for years on the Chinese mainland.

Japan's approach, in fact, was seen here as influenced by the American precedent.—United Press.

Russians Release Prisoners

Berlin, Nov. 18. The Soviet Embassy in East Berlin today handed over to British officials two men said to be British subjects released from prison in Russia.

Their names were given as Leonard Ford Wemyss and John Dixon.

The two men are receiving medical attention at Spandau military hospital while enquiries are made to establish their identity, a British official said tonight.

No further information would be immediately available, he added.—Reuter.

The West German news agency, DPA, reported today that 25 people had been released today from Soviet imprisonment.

The agency said they included people claiming British, French, Dutch, Belgian, Italian and other nationalities.—Reuter.

DOOMED ELEPHANT REPRIEVED

London, Nov. 18. Charlie, Glasgow Zoo's five-ton, 25-year-old elephant today became the first elephant in the world to have a bank account.

So many people have sent gifts to Charlie after news that he was to have been shot tomorrow, at dawn, that the Director of the Zoo, Mr Wilson, has opened a bank account in Charlie's name. The only thing Charlie has not got is a cheque book.

Recently, the Zoo authorities decided that Charlie was too expensive to keep up as he eats his way through £10 of food a week and had sentenced him to death.

He was first reprieved when a Swiss circus wanted to adopt him but Charlie was found to be too big to fit into any Swiss vehicle for transportation.

When this offer was dropped the Zoo authorities announced that Charlie would be shot if they got no help from the public towards feeding him.

By today, one ton of hay and £42 had reached the Zoo and Charlie will be safe from starving or execution for at least three more weeks.—France-Press.

Called Off

Suva, Nov. 18. The New Zealand Air Force today called off its extensive search for the 23 persons missing from the ghost ship, Jorika. The search had been under way since the 90-foot converted yacht disappeared after sailing from Apia, Samoa, October 3 on a fishing expedition.

The abandoned vessel was found far off course near the Fiji Islands early this month, with not a sign of any of the persons aboard.

Shipping circles suspected piracy since considerable equipment has been removed from the 70-ton vessel.—United Press.

Nine Killed In Train Crash

Monrovia, Mich., Nov. 18. A New York Central passenger train rumbled into a railroad work truck at a rural crossing north of here today, killing nine section workers and critically injuring three others.

The speeding Detroit-bound passenger train struck the truck broadside and scattered debris three-fourths of a mile along the right-of-way.—United Press.

Anti-Terrorist Operation

Tunis, Nov. 18. A big-scale anti-terrorist operation is being carried out jointly by security troops from Tunisia and Algeria near the town of Djebel Lebda on the Algeria-Tunisia border, official sources said today.

The operation started on November 10, these sources said.—France-Press.

CHIEF LYNCHED

Rabat, Nov. 18. A former Moroccan (District Chief), was lynched by a crowd at Fez in a new crop of incidents reported here today. He was taken to hospital in a serious condition.

Three European workers in a petroleum company's vehicle were attacked and injured in another incident in the Fez area.—France-Press.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier" RACE 1

Curtsey
Tamerlane
Uniform
Outsider:—Spanish Fan.

RACE 2

Zerimar
Midgut
Expectation
Outsider:—Long Cue.

RACE 3

Jingle Bell
Ben Lomond
Fire-glo
Outsider:—Bonita.

RACE 4

Jemima P.
Thanksgiving Day
Tumbleweed
Outsider:—Hawthorne.

RACE 5

Giddup
Mascot
Fieldmaster
Outsider:—Sportsmanship.

RACE 6

Ecstasy
Chatterbox
Quicksilver
Outsider:—Old Tyro.

RACE 7

Avion
Five Gold
Dragonfly
Outsider:—Gladiolus.

RACE 8

Treasureland
Flaming Wheel
Seafire
Outsider:—Apple Pie.

By "The Turf" RACE 1

Uniform
Turf Heroine
Tamerlane
Outsider:—Grass-Hopper.

RACE 2

Long Cue
Marlene
Expectation
Outsider:—Zerimar.

RACE 3

Night People
Jingle Bell
Babsie
Outsider:—Ben Lomond.

RACE 4

Jemima P.
Ma Cherie
Hawthorne
Outsider:—Thanksgiving Day.

RACE 5

Sportsmanship
Giddup
Fighting Spirit
Outsider:—Easy Money.

RACE 6

Misty Law
Ecstasy
Violet Ray
Outsider:—All Day.

RACE 7

Five Gold
Avion
Gladiolus
Outsider:—Wise Leader.

RACE 8

Treasureland
Fenchurch
Lawrence
Outsider:—Flaming Wheel.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

For the second race

Mix glue with the first part of concrete for this winner.

The teaser tip given at the last meeting was Skylon which was unplaced.

French Election Plan

Paris, Nov. 18. The French Government today decided to draw up a plan for cutting up the country into single member constituencies in view of the next general elections, a Government spokesman announced in Paris this evening.

constituent plan before it voted for or against the single constituency system, thereby adjourning the debate.—France-Press.

GANG ARRESTED

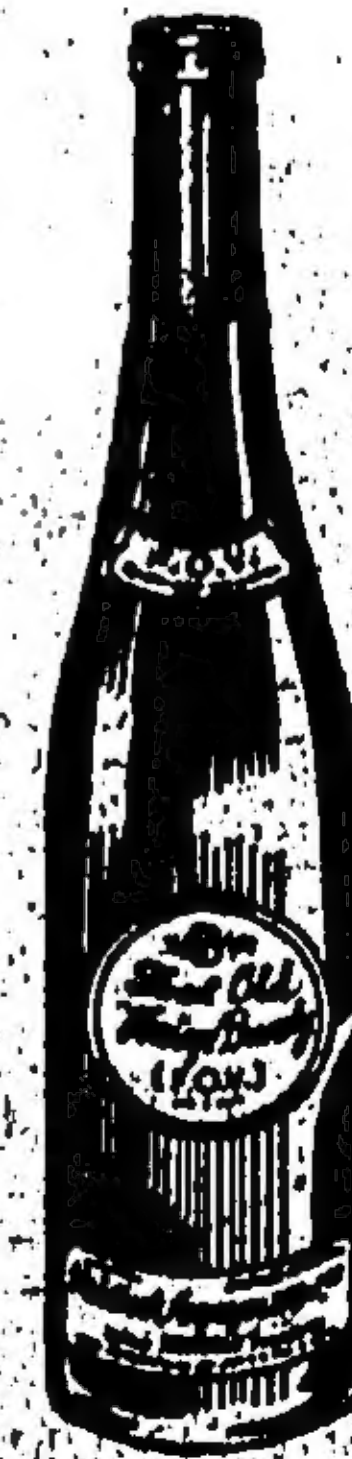
The spokesman said the decision was reached at a prolonged Cabinet meeting that ended at 1800 GMT today. The Government was conforming to the stated request of the National Assembly, as voiced in a resolution adopted during the electoral debate yesterday, the spokesman added.

Peshawar, Nov. 18. Part of a gang suspected of subversive and anti-state activities was arrested here this evening and arms were seized. Four suspects were taken into custody.

One of the arrested, Vesghal Harachi, is a leading Pushtu poet on the Afghan-Pakistani frontier and opposes making West Pakistan into one unit. He was tried about three years ago on charges of supplying vital information to an unfriendly country.—France-Press.

F. O. V.

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KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY

A HILARIOUS NEW LOOK AT LIFE!

TECHNICOLOR

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'

STARRING

RORY CALHOUN • PIPER LAURIE
JACK CARSON • MAMIE VAN DOREN

REGINALD GARDINER • BARBARA BRITTON • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S at 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.

A Variety Programme of
United Artists Technicolor Cartoons

Admission: \$1.50, \$1.00

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW

Extra Show at 12.10 p.m.

An Indian Production of Mystery and Suspense
DEV ANAND, KALPANA KARTIK, K. N. SINGH
in "HOUSE No. 44"
Produced by Directed by Music by
Dev Anand M. K. Barman Jaidoo Verma
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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

An Underworld King Brought To His
Knees By A Two-Bit Punk!

IT HAPPENED ON

THE NAKED STREET

Released thru United Artists

Starring:
Farley GRANGER • Anthony QUINN • Anne BANCROFT

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Important Soccer Match at Wembley
ENGLAND v. IRELAND
British-Gaumont News

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
NEW YORK: 3 Stooges Comedy & Technicolor Cartoons
GREAT WORLD: Warner Bros. Technicolor Cartoons

HOOVER: LIBERTY

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At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 p.m.

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STARRING: STEWART GRANGER • JOAN COLLINS • JANE MARR • JANE FARRAR • JOAN COLLINS • JANE MARR • JANE FARRAR

5 SHOWS ON SUNDAY
HOOVER at 12.00 FIRST MATINEE LIBERTY at 12.30

LEE

TO-NIGHT AT 8.00 P.M.

SHAN-PO HUA YING-TAI

FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Moonfleet". Smuggling and piracy along the English Channel coast in the 18th century. Stewart Granger, Viveca Lindfors and Joan Greenwood.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Ain't Misbehavin'". A musical romance about a chorus girl and a millionaire. Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie, Jack Carson and Mamie Van Doren.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Naked Street". A thriller concerning a gangster whose devotion to his sister is his saving grace. Anthony Quinn, Farley Granger and Anne Bancroft.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Land of the Pharaohs". Mostly spectacle, thousands of extras chipping away at one of the pyramids and Joan Collins dressed in as little as the censor would allow. Jack Hawkins and Dewey Martin.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Left Hand of God". A pilot, shot down over China, makes his escape disguised as a priest and is caught up in the web of his good intentions. Humphrey Bogart and Gene Tierney.

COMING

EMPIRE: "September Affair". A sentimental romance with undertones of sadness. Joan Fontaine and Joseph Cotten.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Recall". A thriller, British style.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Abbott and Costello Meet the Mummy". Fun and games around the tombs of ancient Egypt. With Marie Windsor and Peggy King.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Doctor at Sea". A hilarious successor to "Doctor in the House" and more amusing than its predecessor. Dirk Bogarde, James Robertson, Justice, Brenda de Banzie, Michael Medwin and Brigitte Bardot.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Dam Busters". A moving and well acted film showing the difficulties that were overcome in the development of the bomb that smashed the Moehne and Eder dams and climaxing with the raid itself. Richard Todd and Michael Redgrave.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Seven Clites of Gold". Two soldiers and a priest head an expedition to claim the territory of California for Spain. Anthony Quinn, Richard Egan and Michael Rennie, with Rita Moreno.

In spite of the attentions of the three ladies fair, he finds time for quite a lot of good natured villainy and ends up with his better nature triumphing.

The picture is based on the book by J. McIndoe Falkner.

Cheerful Enough

"Ain't Misbehavin'" has Rory Calhoun in, of all things, a musical. We've seen him as a moody gauchito, as a gambler, and as a straight western cowboy, but so far, never as the millionaire head of a legitimate business company.

To bear out the old saying that fields are always greener round the corner, he spurns someone from his own social circle and marries a chorus girl. Piper Laurie is the lucky girl to become Mrs Calhoun in the picture — and spends most of the rest of it regretting it. She and her two chorus friends, Mamie Van Doren and Dani Crayne are made to feel very much out of their sphere by the spurned socialite, Barbara Britton, and like a silly girl, Piper Laurie dashes away to get herself "made over" — completely disregarding the fact that it was because she was different from her former loves that her husband had fallen for her.

Boy meets girl, boy pursues girl, boy loses girl, boy regains girl to the music of several songs and dance numbers and in spite of not having done so before, Piper Laurie sings her own songs.

Rory Calhoun looks a trifle silly, but all in all, this is a cheerful little film, with Jack Carson providing his usual brand of humour and Reginald Gardiner being slightly more subtle.

Getting Better

Anthony Quinn is slowly but steadily advancing along the road to becoming a competent actor.

It's taken him a long time and he will probably, before

reaching graduation day, decide, as so many actors are doing, to give up the unequal struggle and become a director. It would be a pity though, for the screen is very short of good actors.

In "The Naked Street" he is a gangster, but a racketeer of the new school — a middle of the road fellow who is neither wholly good nor wholly bad.

His Achilles Heel in "The Naked Street" is his sister, Anne Bancroft. For her he would do anything and when her boy friend — my bete noir, Farley Granger — gets himself into a spot of trouble with the law, Quinn arranges his release from prison so that they can marry.

As so often happens, his interference brings nothing but misery and more violence and the end is inevitable.

To be fair, Farley Granger is better than usual. Although his sulky pout is as much in evidence as ever, he makes a genuine attempt to get into the role of the ambitious, ungrateful little hoodlum who turns on his benefactor.

It is Anthony Quinn's picture however, and I felt quite sorry to see him meet a typical gangster-like fate.

The Empire have given themselves over to a stage show this week-end, but are coming back into the picture field with the Joseph Cotten, Joan Fontaine romance "September Affair". After that it will be an Indian picture "Aladdin and His Lamp". I'm afraid I can't tell you anything about "Aladdin" except that allowing for India's rather late start in the motion picture race, it is supposed to be one of the better ones.

True For Once

"Land of the Pharaohs" was made on a very grand scale indeed and I'm afraid that my first reaction when I read all the ballyhoo attendant on these super colossal productions is to grit my teeth and try to be polite to those well meaning chatterboxes who prattle away about "what fun it must be to be a film reviewer who spends all day at the cinema".

My pet aversions are these costume pseudo epics that batter the eyes and ears with harsh colour and ear splitting music, yet leave even the most exposed brain cell unassailed. My compulsory visit to such affairs can be compared to a call on the dentist.

However, that is just personal taste and with a firm grip on the fact that a critic's job is to review a film fairly and criticise constructively, let's look at "Land of the Pharaohs".

As it is meant to be spectacular, does it succeed? I think it does. The press book tells me that 11,600 people of 19 different nationalities were involved in the production, and I must admit that although personally become bored with watching thousands of fellows chipping, hauling and groaning over a period of 30 years, it, as one British comedian used to say, "makes you think".

EGYPTIAN SECRET

Needless to say, neither the wicked Neflifer (played by Joan Collins) nor the Great Pharaoh (Jack Hawkins) looked as though they were over 30 days older than at the beginning of the story. However, perhaps among the many little secrets that the ancient Egyptians possessed, that of looking permanently youthful was merely routine.

Poor James Robertson Justice, as the prisoner-architect com-

manded by the pharaoh to build the pyramid, appeared mightily uncomfortable. It might have been the nasal twang of his adopted son, Dewey Martin, that caused him to wince from time to time, or it might have been a spasm of pain at not being able to bellow his lines in his best Henry VIII manner. Whatever the cause, he gave a very good imitation of a man wearing mental corsets.

As for Jack Hawkins, in some of his ceremonial robes he radiated magnificence. Unfortunately, when a slave or a minister had to be berated, he delivered the reprimand in the manner of a drill sergeant taking to task a new recruit.

If Jack Hawkins and James Robertson Justice looked out of water however, the same could not be said for Joan Collins. She rolled her eyes, wiggled her hips, and swayed on her wicked way as though this was "the most important role of her career". Which brings us back to the visual aspect of "Land of the Pharaohs".

THE BEST SCENE

The scene I found most effective was at the very end. The Pharaoh has been killed and Neflifer, his second wife, having disposed of his first wife (a part played with a simple dignity contrasting with the rest of the cast, by Kerima) is burying him with all ceremony in his pyramid. While she is preening herself in the tomb, imagining all the delights that will be hers now that she is Queen of Egypt, the complicated mechanism wailing up the pyramid is set in motion and one by one the immense blocks of stone thunder down their sloping tunnels sealing her in. This was worth the whole of the rest of the film put together.

Truly Hilarious

"Doctor At Sea" is one long howl from start to finish.

There are so many hilarious situations that it is difficult to know where to start on a description of some of the more humorous ones.

James Robertson Justice is in his element, of course, as the irascible Merchant Navy captain who thinks women are "unseemly and unnecessary" and naturally, when he is roaring his head off at the misfortune of a rival captain in having the Chairman of the Line's frivolous and autocratic daughter as a passenger, we just know that she is going to be transferred to his ship.

But the central character is the young doctor whom we first met in "Doctor in the House". Dirk Bogarde. He has been performing two rather arduous years as a G.P. when his landlady's lumpy daughter decides he is her soul mate and pursues him to his midnight couch.

Father perforce arrives on the scene, suspects and hopes for the worst, and to escape the altar Dirk Bogarde signs on as a doctor in the Merchant Navy. Rich and varied are the characters aboard the "Lotus" — one of my favourites was a bearded Michael Medwin, sporting a wicked twinkle whenever the word "woman" was mentioned, and a close runner-up, George Colucci, with a Newcastonian twang and the nice case of D.T.'s to be witnessed for some time.

However the best of the lot was Bogarde's assistant, cum orderly, answering to the name of "Easter". Never at a loss for

(Continued on Page 3 Col. 1)

You were fascinated by Larry Parks in "THE JOHNSON STORY" You will be thrilled to see him in action holding "THE TIGER BY THE TAIL" with Constance Smith

LARRY PARKS

CONSTANCE SMITH

TIGER BY THE TAIL

JEAN DANIEL

MAJESTIC

TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

JOHN RUSSELL CRAIN

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.10 P.M. "CHARLIE CHAPLIN FESTIVAL" AT REDUCED PRICES

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4-Track Directional Stereophonic Sound — Wide Screen!

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SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW at 12.30 p.m.

"3 FOR THE SHOW", Technicolor, CinemaScope

HOTEL MIRAMAR

COLD ROOM

Presents again, To-night

"SOLITA"

Music by

TONY AREVALO & HIS "MIRAMAR" CABAILLEROS

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LAND OF THE PHAROHS

JACK HAWKINS • JOAN COLLINS • DEWEY MARTIN • ALEXIS MONTOS

TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA

UA's Technicolor... RKO's Technicolor...

"The Barefoot Contessa" "Hans Christian Andersen"

Ava Gardner — Humphrey Bogart with Danny Kaye

— AT REDUCED PRICES —

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ADMISSION FEE \$4.70, \$3.50, \$2.40 & \$1.50

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Warner Bros. — In Technicolor

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SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M. WILLIAM HOLDEN in "THE MOON IS BLUE"

SUNDAY SPECIAL SHOW AT 12.30 P.M. "CROOKED HEELS" with FRANK J. MURPHY



THE Royal Variety Show, annual gala gathering of British entertainers, before Queen Elizabeth, went down with a bang. Numerous international celebrities took part. Among them was Johnny Ray, lachrymose American singer, who sang "The Little White Cloud That Cried." But with these two lovely chorus girls in his arms, there's nothing to make him cry. (Express)



LEFT: Crick British cricketer Denis Compton shown in bed at University College Hospital, London, after undergoing an operation on the knee that has caused him much pain and trouble over the past few years. The operation necessitated removal of the kneecap. Doctors told him it was either that, or give up professional cricket. (Express)



MR George Orvid, Deputy Chief of the Soviet Ministry of Culture (Theatre Section), now on a goodwill tour of Britain, snapped at the Globe Theatre, London, where a company was rehearsing "Hamlet" which they will later present in Moscow. From left: actress Mary Ure, actor Paul Schofield, Mr Orvid and actress Diana Wyward. (Express)



PLAYER John Begley, of the Littlehampton Boys' Club football team, grunts as he is put through strenuous exercises by pretty team-trainer Yvonne Burr, 18. But he knows it's worth it. Since Yvonne took over and started giving the team ballet-style exercises, they've done very well. Yvonne, a dance teacher, says she knows nothing about football, but a lot about limbering-up exercises. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



RESUMING her official duties after the strain of recent events, Princess Margaret went to a service of rededication and thanksgiving at St Paul's Cathedral to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the death of Dr Thomas John Barnardo, pioneer child welfare worker. She is seen with the Dean of St Paul's. (Express)



BILLY, chimpanzee with the Bertram Mills Circus now touring Britain, handles a camera like an expert, and doesn't have to warn "Watch the Birdie," as he knows the children cannot take their eyes off him. (Reuterphoto)

LEFT: The Duke of Richmond and Gordon (on right) presenting a gold medal for motor racing achievements to racing driver Stirling Moss at the British Automobile Racing Club's annual dinner dance in London. (Express)



LEFT: Remembrance Sunday in Manchester. A general view of the service for the fallen of the two World Wars at the Manchester Cenotaph in St Peter's Square. General Sir Lashmer G. Whistler, GOC-in-C, Western Command, represented the Army at the service. (Army News)

MR Harold Philby, former Foreign Office official accused by a Labour MP of being the "Third Man" in the Burgess-Maclean case, denied the charge at a press conference, and challenged his accuser to repeat it outside the privileged boundaries of the House of Commons. Mr Philby is seen with his mother at the London conference. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK MAGIC ASSORTED CHOCOLATES



"Remind me to have a word with little Miss Whatsit about her views on the Royal Marriage Act."

One of the World's Strangest Stories.... Told by Chandra Kala

THE MAHARAJAH'S PYJAMAS

FIFTY years ago the exploits of Mahadev were the talk of all Kashmir. Mahadev was a thief, Mahadev was "The Cat" who walked by night. Mahadev, nevertheless, was deeply religious, often in the company of ascetics and fakirs. Much that he stole, moreover, found its way to the poor. Mahadev, therefore, was something of a Robin Hood to the people of Srinagar. He had many friends who would shelter him if the attentions of the police became too pressing. Not that the police had much chance of bringing him to book, for he never left a clue.

So he was able to move about Srinagar like any respectable citizen; and sometimes he would retire for a spell to the ancient mountain monastery of Sadhamulun.

★ ★ ★

He was not much to look at—small, wiry, hollow-cheeked; a confirmed bachelor, member of a respectable family of Kashmiri Pandits. At the time of the extraordinary incident of the Maharaja's pyjamas he was in his late 50s, and was already a legend in a land of legends.

His eyes were small and bright; but his most remarkable attribute was his silence: he could move without making a sound, and that is why he was called "The Cat." There was another reason, too. When Mahadev prowled lightfooted in the houses of the wealthy—especially in the homes of the moneylenders—and heard his victims stirring in their beds he would give a faint "mou" to reassure them that nothing more harmful than a cat was abroad, and to send them back to their slumbers while he completed his night's work.

No person of wealth was safe from his silent industry—not even the court officials of the Maharaja, the late Sir Pratap Singh, who ruled from 1885 until 1925. Nor even the Maharaja himself.

The Dogra police chief of Srinagar was one Dewan Dhanpat Ram, a shrewd man who

had fruitlessly investigated so many baffling robberies that he knew there was no hope of ending Mahadev's career unless he caught him red-handed. Sometimes he would personally keep vigil in a dark lane near "The Cat's" house, and one night his sleeve was plucked by an excited old woman who said: "The police chief! Thank heavens. I was looking for help. Mahadev has broken into my house up the lane. Come with me, and you can catch him at work. I know it's that cursed cat thief—I heard him purring!" Dewan Dhanpat Ram followed her to a stable adjoining a house nearby. A moment later he

In Kashmir, no one was safe from Mahadev the Cat....



found himself locked in. It took his men some hours to locate him, and from then on he left the hunting of Mahadev to his inferiors.

One fine summer day in 1911 there had been a cricket match in Srinagar. The Maharaja had played and, though his score is not recorded, English tourists among the spectators had flattered him, and he was in a good humour when later, he held court in his palace beside the Jhelum River. Among the company was the police chief, Dewan Dhanpat Ram; and, watching his eye, the Maharaja fired at him a question which was bound to enliven the conversation:

"Who is this Mahadev—this 'Cat'—that our wazirs talk so much about?"

Dewan swallowed his embarrassment and replied: "Your Highness... let me admit that I have seen Mahadev. He is a slight man, modest in his ways. He wears several rosaries round

his neck, and his pheran (coverall) is spotless.

"Well, now, Dewan," interrupted the Maharaja, "we are not greatly interested in these nice details. There was a malicious titter of laughter from those around the throne.

"What we would like to know is why, so far you have failed to bring such a criminal to book."

"Sire," said the police chief, "the law does not permit me to arrest citizens on mere suspicion. I must have proof. And there is no such proof against Mahadev."

"Could we see this Mahadev?" asked the Maharaja; and Dewan knew that the soft question was,

The court was shocked. The conversation was becoming altogether too informal; but neither the Maharaja nor Mahadev seemed to notice it.

"The reward for your success will be a purse full of silver," said Sir Pratap Singh.

"I shall do my best," said the thief, "tomorrow night."

"And if you don't succeed...?" said the Maharaja quizzically.

"Then hang me in this hall!" There was a great hubbub of scandalised voices when Mahadev left the court. But Mahadev scarcely heard them. He was thinking of what he might do with a purse of silver.

He knew that if he sent

enough money he could settle for the rest of his life at the monastery at Sadhamulun which had so often been his refuge. He was getting old; his body was less supple than once it was. Some time a man must retire...

The next day Mahadev the Cat spent a quiet hour with his spiritual teacher, then went home, rubbed oil on his spare limbs, donned a belt fitted with useful items, and over this his pheran.

It was dark and almost midnight when he looked across the slow-moving Jhelum towards the Maharaja's palace, and the boatmen were asleep. He took off his robe and swam silently across to the dark opening of a large sewer which carried surface water from the courtyard of the inner palace. He saw that extra guards had been posted, but he found little difficulty in making his way, cat-like, to a point below where he knew, the Maharaja would be

As a stroke the whole of the Egyptian forces facing Israel could be threatened with destruction—with an enemy force poised on the road to Cairo.

These are the possibilities facing the Western Powers as they seek a peaceful solution in the Middle East. Fortunately they have some tricks up their sleeve.

There is now agreed policy between Britain, France and the United States where before there was none. The big Powers would act in an emergency.

LAST RESORT

The War Office has plans which include the use of Canberra jet bombers, able to outfly anything in the Middle East and to deliver crushing air bombardments on air bases and troop concentrations. A mobile British armoured force is ready on the southern edge of the Sinai desert. Troop-carrying planes can bring forces rapidly from Cyprus.

These are some of the emergency means—and the Royal Navy has others. But they are a last resort. The present aim is to surround the two sides without force. When Egypt and Israel realise that a war will solve nothing they may come to terms. That is London's hope.

STRONG TEMPTATION

The temptation to strike now is strong. And the Israeli planners would be bold. They would want to bring Egypt to her knees at a stroke, before the great powers could intervene. How?

Israel has another unique weapon in the Middle East—paratroops. Combined with air attacks on key points, the Israelis could capture such vital spots as El Qantara. This town lies on the Canal where the railway crosses into the Sinai desert.

Lightning napalm raids on the Egyptian forces would probably throw them into confusion and unmask their lack of real veteran morale. In contrast, the Israeli officer corps contains many commanders with British wartime service. The Israeli army is, in fact, probably the toughest and most up-to-date of any in the world's small states.

The Israelis know this and they have the fire of desperation to spur them to action. They see the growing strength of the Arabs, which may eventually become even with them.

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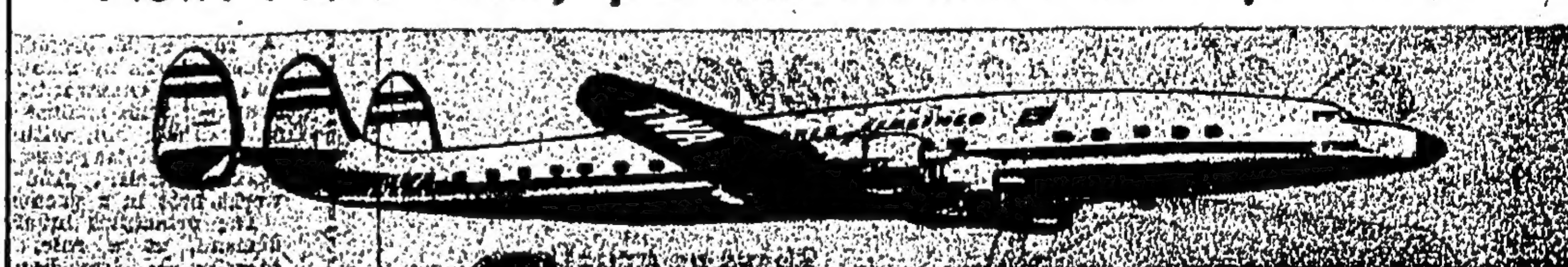
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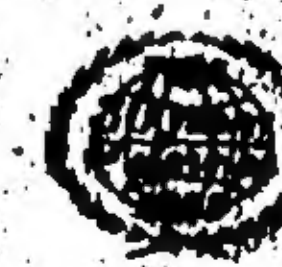


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PLANS TO CRUSH MIDDLE EAST FLARE-UP

By James Wickenden

THE chances of war between Egypt and Israel are still being weighed by British experts.

The Israelis have not ceased to say that only with the desert between them and the Egyptians can there be lasting peace. To put such a barrier between the two sides is the object of present Western diplomacy.

The Israelis may yet feel forced into a "pre-emptive" war to achieve this object.

This is the threat to peace facing the West.

But can they, ask military advisers, launch such a war?

To both sides the Sinai desert (between the two states east of Suez) is an obstacle to battle mobility. Across its 150 miles of stony desolation is only one main road and a railway.

OPPOSING FORCES

The Egyptians hold them at present. At the end of the rail-road communications stand the Egyptian forces facing the 50 mile front from the Gaza strip west of Israel to El Auja, where recent fighting took place.

Nasser's troops in the area number at most 20,000. Facing

them is Israel's potential strength of 250,000 which can be raised within 48 hours.

Allowing for garrisons on other fronts, and for reserves, the Israelis could muster an overwhelming superiority against the forward Egyptian units—before they could be reinforced across the desert.

NO MAGIC FORMULA

The Israelis could therefore quickly capture territory up to and including El Arish station, the whole of the Gaza strip and El Auja.

The Egyptians would then be forced to fall back on the Suez line or take a stand in the desert—with the risk of being cut off by pursuing Israeli columns.

In this light the new Communist weapons are not a magic formula for victory. They do not make up for the poor strategic position of Nasser's forces, nor the superiority in numbers and training of the Israelis.

Moreover, Israel has a more deadly means of war—napalm bombs and an efficient air arm. So far there has been no significant air action in this dispute. The Israeli planes could change the picture overnight.

Lightning napalm raids on the Egyptian forces would probably throw them into confusion and unmask their lack of real veteran morale.

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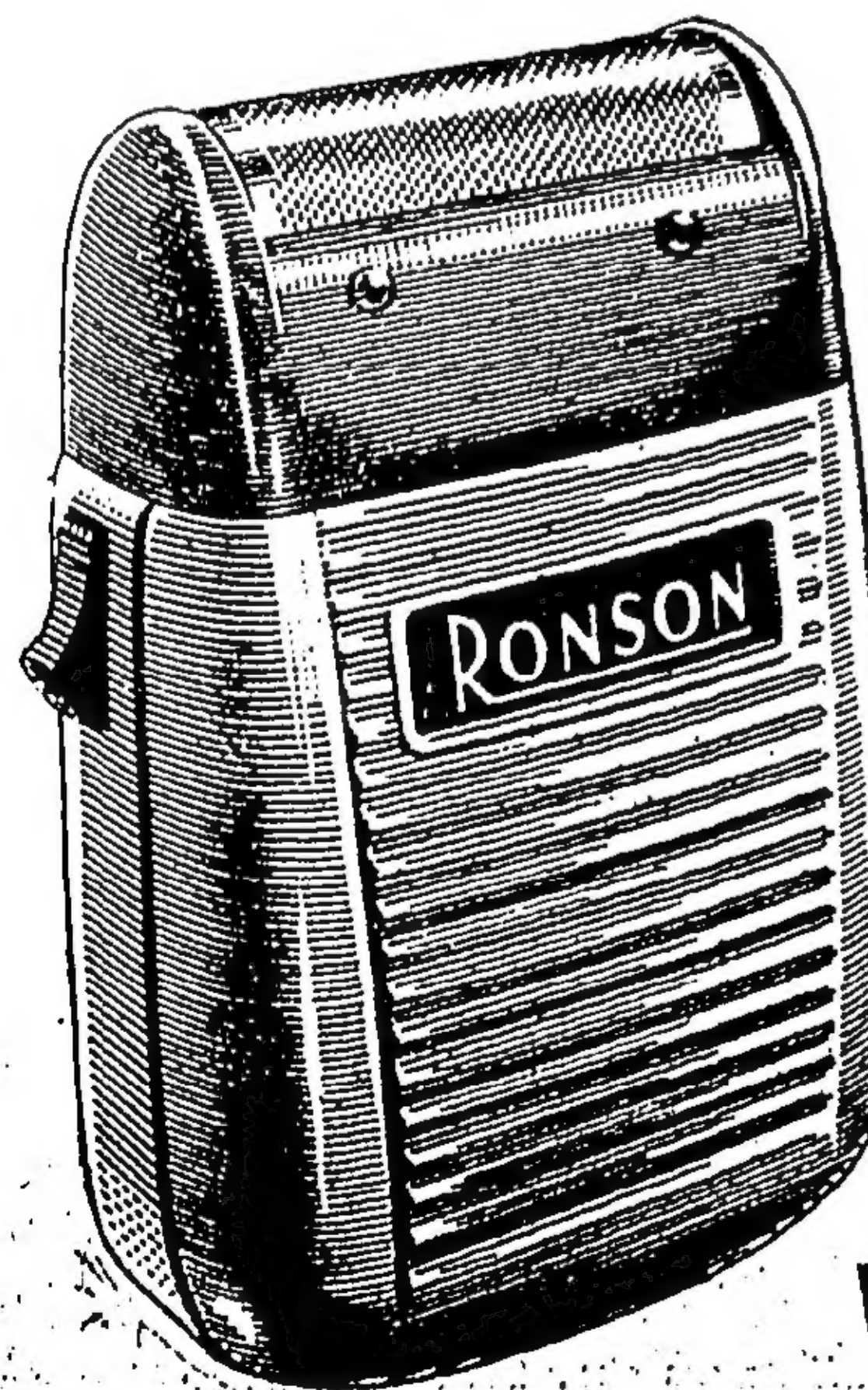
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The earth is dying—so we MUST conquer 'The Black Yonder'

LET us face the most terrifying fact that modern science has to offer. The fact that lends a strange urgency to the question of space travel—the fact that the earth is already beginning to die.

As a home for human life the years of the earth are already numbered. Our mountains and valleys are merely brief momentary wrinkles on the skin which covers the raging heat at its centre.

Life-destroying heat may seep through to the surface. The oceans too may rise once more. The land beneath your feet at this moment has been under the sea many times, and, some experts say, it will be submerged again. But we have one reason above all for saying that the earth is dying. We know that the sun is dying too. Our sun is merely one star out of millions in the universe. Some of the others are very big and

red. Contrasted with our own far smaller sun they are the strapping adolescents among the stars. But there are also much older stars—stars which have dimmed into pale, spent hulks. What will happen when our sun joins this faded, senile group?

A bleak, Arctic twilight will settle upon earth even at the tropics. Life will whimper to a halt.

When will this happen? Not in our lifetime, of course. Nor for many thousands of generations. But we cannot doubt that the living earth will start to run down while there are still people upon it.

These people will have developed a civilisation beyond the dreams of our scientists. But they will still be people much like ourselves, with our fears and passions. And on the space skills which can only spring from our pioneer projects they

will depend for their survival. For they will face this choice: to leave the earth or to watch their civilisation slowly die. Remember Thor Heyerdahl's ill-fated expedition aimed to prove that the settlers of the Eastern Pacific Islands once had a similar choice. On the South American mainland their civilisation was faced with destruction by invaders. So they set out on rafts across the unknown Pacific.

How will the human race abandon the earth? How will it manage a giant Kon-Tiki exodus into the black oceans of space? It will not be sufficient to take a hop to one of the planets—to Mars or to Venus. These planets which circle round our sun along with the earth will also suffer from the sun's fading rays. Will it be possible to reach instead the planets of a young, but infinitely more remote, sun? This article provides one answer.

A NOAH'S ARK IN SPACE

Continuing JOURNEY TO THE STARS—by

Jonathan Norton Leonard

LESS than a generation ago nearly all astronomers would have told the space-travel enthusiasts to stop looking for another sun with planets suitable for colonisation.

The universe, they would have said, contains almost nothing but stars and such unsatisfactory stuff as interstellar dust and gas. Planetary systems were then believed to be excessively rare.

But modern astronomers believe that most of the stars in the sky are likely to have left-over material revolving around them in the form of planets.

This news, which trickled gradually out of the great observatories during the past generation, has cheered the space men no end. They can now look up at the sky on a clear night and assume that each speck of light is surrounded by a retinue of promising planets.

Some explode

They are invisible, of course. They give off no light of their own, and they are too close to their stars to be seen independently of them by weak reflected light. But when the light of certain stars is carefully measured, it fluctuates in a way that suggests that some small body is moving across the star's face. This is accepted as additional evidence that many stars have planets.

Whether these planets are habitable or not is a more complicated question.

Some stars radiate chiefly in hard X-rays which would tear to pieces any chemicals that are trying to grow into the large complex molecules that form the basis of life. Stars that explode periodically are unpleasant, too, and the enormous red giant stars are believed to be so young that they cannot have formed any

planets. The red or white dwarfs so old and feeble that the inhabitants of their planets, if any, must have frozen to death millions of years ago.

But after all these unsuitable stars have been eliminated, there are plenty of stars left in the sky that are placid, dependable and single like our own sun, and many of these may have bevy of contented planets.

When the more imaginative astronomers look at the sky, they see most of the stars as the leaders of planets that may be inhabitable, if not already inhabited. Their next step, of course, is to figure out how to visit them.

This is not easy, for, as soon as a space ship leaves the solar system and heads for an alien star, it must conquer not only space but time. Even the nearest stars lie enormously far away. Their distances are measured in light years, and each light year is six trillion miles. If a space ship travels at 50,000 miles an hour, which is a good round speed in the solar system, it will take at least 13,000 years of space sailing to cover a single light year. Its crew will grow old and die when the voyage has barely begun.

Space ships can be speeded up, of course, but even if they move as fast as comets whipping around the sun, they will not make appreciable progress towards any star within the lifetime of their crew.

One solution of this difficulty is Nature's way—reproduction.

Nature's way of immortalising a higher organism is the familiar business of sexual fertilisation,

gestation and birth. After having fathered or mothered a number of fresh replicas the older individuals die. The material in their bodies returns by various routes to the common pool of chemicals out of which life is built. Thus, in spite of death, the species is immortal.

For a voyage to a distant star, astronauts have proposed an

interstellar breeding ship with a male and female crew.

Such a Noah's Ark of space would have to be rather large, perhaps as big as a medium-sized asteroid. There has been some debate among interstellar explorers about the minimum size of a human group that can preserve its life and culture.

And a library

It should not start out with a crew of trained engineers and scientists whose offspring will degenerate into barbarians before the voyage has continued more than a few generations. So the space ship will have to have room for schools, a complete university, and a reference library contains all the important elements of the highest human culture.

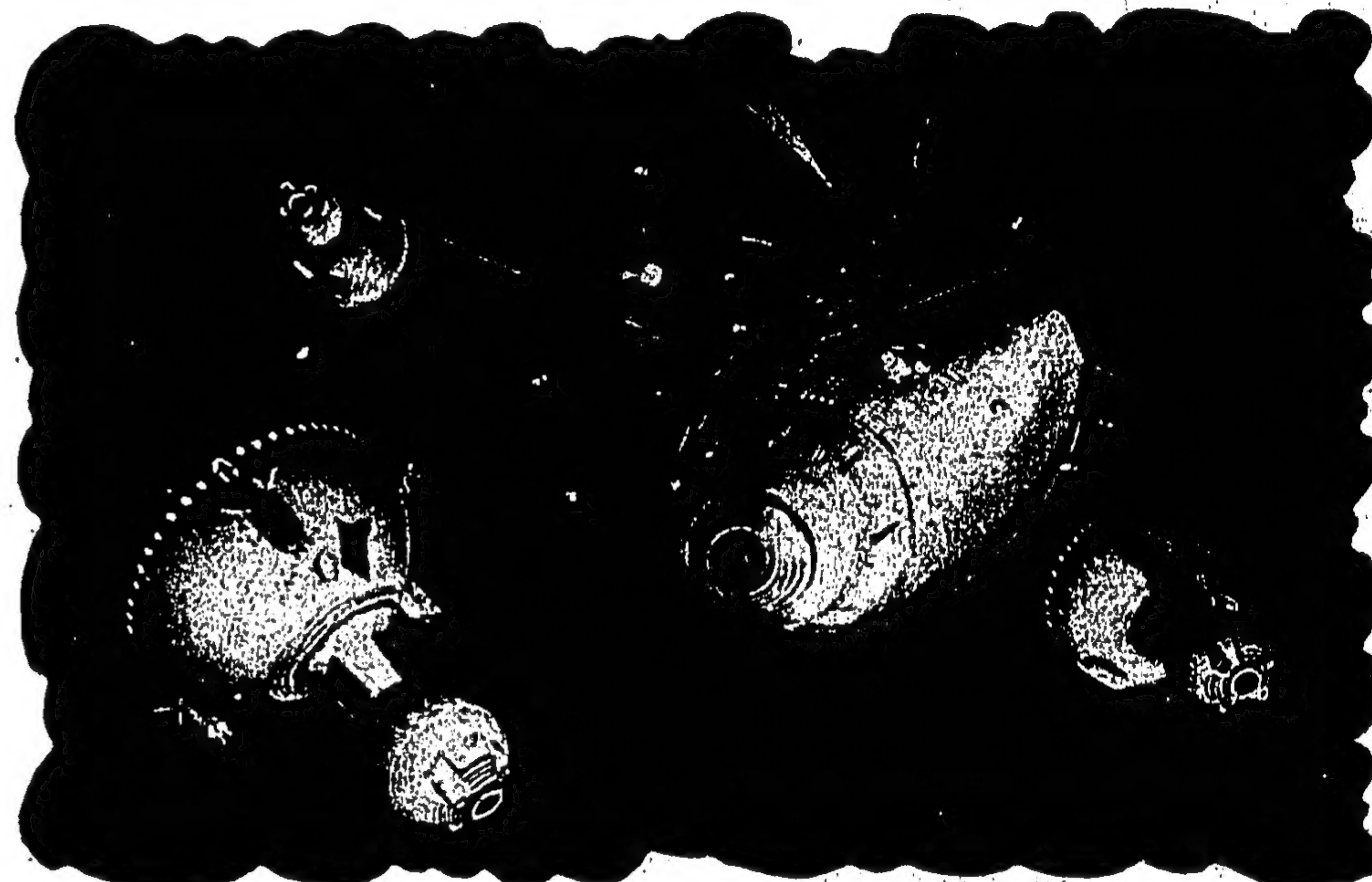
All biological material on board will have to be recycled—that is used over and over. Carbon dioxide from the lungs of the crew will have to be separated into oxygen for re-breathing and carbon to be built into edible compounds.

The bodies of the dead, of course, will be recycled. If they were disposed of in any other way, such as burial in space, it

When it approaches a star that has suitable planets, its alarm bells will rouse the inhabitants to complex and vigorous action. Its packed machinery motors will come to life; its telescopes will peer ahead; its rocket motors will roar. When it reaches the selected planet, a fierce task force of men and machines will be ready to sally out and take possession of it.

The Noah's Ark method is not admired by all the interstellar space men. They consider it unimaginative, and they believe that they know a better way—teleporting time by means of relativity. When any object, including a space ship, moves at nearly the speed of light, its time slows. It can sail like a cosmic ray for thousands or hundreds of thousands of earth years from star to star, but if its speed comes close enough to the speed of light its crew will feel that only a few weeks have passed.

A great deal of high-level mathematical thought has been expended on this problem, and the figuring has become both complex and controversial.



The promise hidden in the atom

by A. V. CLEAVER, Chief Engineer, Rocket Division, de Havilland Engine Company

THE rocket engine is a form of jet propulsion which works by throwing its exhaust backwards. It does not push against the external air but, with its high internal gas pressures, against itself. And it works best in a vacuum.

The principles involved demand, as a rule, the carrying of two liquids, both called "propellants," in separate tanks. One of these is a liquid fuel, such as petrol, paraffin, or alcohol. The other is a chemical rich in oxygen with which to burn this fuel.

For the present programme of research, ending with a satellite vehicle large enough to carry a human crew, chemical propellants should suffice.

However, even by refuelling from a satellite "filling station" and using the best chemical propellant it seems unlikely that we should ever be able to land on the Moon, Mars or Venus.

Such voyages would be possible, but only with the aid of gigantic rockets ships weighing thousands of tons, because a great deal of fuel would be needed to turn the rocket and slow it down for a landing.

However, there is likely to be a better way, more economical in human effort.

It will involve the use of nuclear energy.

In any nuclear reaction a mass of particles disperse at high velocity. It may be we shall learn how to focus these particles in a given direction, so as to generate a beam of jet that would produce a propulsive thrust.

Alternatively, the nuclear energy might be converted into electrical power, to produce a voltage difference which could accelerate a propulsive jet

of charged atoms—like a giant version of the cathode ray TV tube.

The most promise way in which an atomic rocket might be made—and perhaps the most likely—is similar in principle to the methods used in nuclear power stations, and in the American submarine Nautilus. The nuclear energy from a reactor is used to heat a fluid. This fluid would be expanded in a rocket nozzle to produce thrust.

It is more than probable that nuclear rocket engines will be developed during the closing decades of this century, if not before, and used in special vehicles assembled in orbit around the earth, several hundred miles out in space.

Fifty years from now, fantastic operations of this sort may well be regarded as we now view surveys of the North Pole by jet planes.

would not be many generations before the ship's stock of biological material had been completely exhausted.

There should be nothing shocking about this, the astronauts point out quickly. It is exactly what happens, on earth, which is a large space ship with a closed biological system. The bodies of people alive today are made of material that has been recycled many times.

All this sounds rather difficult and the astronauts admit that it may be unpleasant for the crew. But if all goes well on the Noah's Ark travelling through space at 50,000 miles an hour, its 146,000th generation can colonise the Pleiades.

To lessen the tedium of the long dull voyages, some of the proponents of the Noah's Ark method favour putting most of the crew into a state of suspended animation. A few will stay awake for specified tours of duty, watching over their shipmates who lie insensible, perhaps in refrigerated and sealed compartments.

It may be possible to put the whole crew to sleep in this way and provide some kind of alarm clock to wake them up when their destination has drawn near, or when danger threatens.

The silent space ship, loaded with its genetic material of human life and culture, will drift for thousands of millions of years through the empty reaches of interstellar space.

There is no doubt, however, about the dilation of time with speed; it has actually been checked experimentally.

A space ship travelling with 99 percent of the speed of light could make the round trip to the star Procyon (which is 10.4 light years away) in 21 years. But this is the passage of time recorded by the space ship's sponsors who have stayed behind on earth. Its crew would be convinced that they had been travelling for only three years.

Goodbye forever

A closer approach to the speed of light would let them reach even more distant stars in even less personal time.

But one trouble with the time dilation system is that the voyagers would say goodbye forever to the friends, perhaps even to the civilisation, that they left behind on earth.

If they return safely and still reasonably young from a journey covering 2,000 light years of distance, they will find that their friends have receded into ancient history, and perhaps that the name of the nation that sent them out into space has been almost forgotten. (Copyright)

NEXT SATURDAY:
Life on the planets

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



MORE HALF-FORGOTTEN HEROES WERE THE MEN WHO FLEW THE Gladiators Of Lesjaskog

BY the time the aircraft carrier *Glorious* sailed from Scotland on April 25, 1940, Hitler's Operation "Weserübung," the invasion of Norway, was in full swing.

Snow showers were whipping across the carrier's bitterly cold decks when two flights of nine Gladiators, led by Sqdn-Ldr. John Donaldson and Flt.-Lt. Randolph Mills, took off at 5 p.m. and headed for a frozen lake called Lesjaskog, near Aandalsnes.

A few days earlier Sqdn-Ldr. Whitby Straight had been sent to the area to find an air-strip. The countryside was wild, faced with high mountains and tortuous valleys. The only possible flat site he could find was Lake Lesjaskog, and that was covered with two feet of soft snow.

Within two hours of arriving he had collected 200 people from local houses and got them to work clearing a runway.

TWO hours after leaving *Glorious*, Donaldson brought his 18 Gladiators down on the lake.

Three Gladiators were immediately refuelled by hand (there were no petrol bowers) and because there was no air raid warning system pilots had to sit in their cockpits waiting in the bitter cold to take off immediately enemy aircraft were sighted.

The situation that night was depressing. Zero temperature, only one armoured car to look after 72 guns, no batteries for the self-starters, few mechanics, and no warning system.

Pilots had to help guard the planes during the night and at 3 a.m. the next day, April 25, when the first patrol of three aircraft was due to take off, all the planes were completely immobilised; carburettors and controls had frozen, wheels froze to the surface of the lake.

Pilots and mechanics struggled away until the nine-cylindered Mercedes IX engine of Pilot Officer Bentley's Gladiator rumbled into life. He took off.

The time was 4.45 a.m. Almost immediately he found a Heinkel 115 bombing a railway station and dived on it, opening fire with his four machine-guns. The rear gunner's liberally-sprayed tracer all went over Bentley's head. He reported later: "I then broke away to avoid a mountain."

BY this time Pilot Officer Hughes had also managed to get his engine going and brought his Gladiator in to attack. He fired one long burst and the Heinkel dived towards the mountains, leaving a thick smoke trail.

They landed back at the lake just before two He.111s roared down between the mountains and dropped two sticks of bombs across the "runway."

The time was 5 a.m. But the Germans were by now well aware that the British had a squadron of planes operating from Lesjaskog and German pilots were already being briefed.

The real trouble started at 7.54 a.m., and Lake Lesjaskog was soon a frozen hell. The Heinkels and Junkers arrived in



By
DUDLEY POPE

as it levelled out for a bombing run.

But the smoke from the shot-down Heinkel had not cleared before another attack started; and by the time the Germans had flown away ten Gladiators had been destroyed. Four of them had never taken off since arriving.

P.O. Philip Purdy was sitting in the cockpit of his Gladiator while Sqdn-Ldr. Donaldson tried to get it started. Three He.111s were overhead. A bomb burst beside the plane and set it ablaze. Purdy got out of the cockpit with his hands and face badly burned, but he refused medical aid and helped other pilots to start up.

A few minutes later P.O. Craig-Adams was hit by splinters from another bomb. He got his wounds dressed, managed to get his engine going and took off at 9 a.m.

Donaldson Mills took off despite the bombs and machine-gunning, and for the next 30 minutes harried the Heinkels and Junkers to prevent them making a straight bombing run. Altogether he attacked six of them and shot one down.

It is this time accumulators had been commandeered from passing lorries and some of the other Gladiators managed to get started. At noon the German attack was as heavy as ever, and P.O. Sydney McNamee shot down an He.111.

target and, with their petrol nearly exhausted, returned to the airfield to find another bunch of bombers attacking.

Both Gladiators went straight in, getting a Heinkel almost immediately. Donaldson shot down another by himself and Mills downed a third two minutes later.

Keeping an anxious watch on their fuel gauges, they tackled a total of eight He.111s and Ju.88s before the attack ended.

Mills' Gladiator, almost out of fuel, came in to land, met more Ju.88s and was hit several times by cannon shells and bullets. One of the guns was put out of action and a strut and the top of a cylinder were shot away. With oil gushing out all over the place Mills then tried to collide with a Ju.88.

Almost immediately his engine cut and he was just able to force-land at the end of the lake — to see his aircraft destroyed by a bomb.

Donaldson, meanwhile, had landed on a small airfield at Seinesmoen. It was high time that 203 Squadron left the lake; he considered, and he ordered the remaining planes and equipment to be brought over.

Five Gladiators, all that were left of the 18 which arrived in Norway just over 24 hours earlier, flew in to Seinesmoen.

Next day, April 26, began with two Gladiators flying off on patrol. P.O. Craig-Adams' engine froze up; he baled out successfully; then there were four.

At 10 a.m. the Heinkels came in again and started a bombing attack which lasted until dusk.

CONTINUING: ROUND the WORLD with a DISHCLOTH

THERE are over 600 crew on board and they are more of a mixed lot than one might expect. My friends vary from those who have been inside prison to one who has spent most of his years inside a monastery and now sings Italian opera.

The Merchant Navy has been described to me as consisting of four types: those who love the sea and regard it as a definite living; draft-dodgers; lunatics; and men escaping from their wives.

There is certainly the common bond that most of us are coming away from something, be it family, law or one's own conscience. I hear all sorts of stories.

"Honest," said a Bedroom Steward to me, "it's absolutely true, it happened just after the war. One of my passengers had travelled on the ship before and we knew each other quite well. One evening, when I was turning down his bed, he came into the cabin and I could see at once he was in a bad state.

He hesitated

"I wonder if you'd do me a great favour," he asked. "Of course, sir," I said. The man hesitated. "It's a great deal to ask and it's a strange request — I want you to bury my wife." The Bedroom Steward paused. "You can imagine how I felt," he said. "But I could tell this man was serious and it didn't seem as if he'd been drinking. I noticed the large black trunk in the corner of the cabin. 'No,' said the man, 'it's not there,

I'M A TATTOOED SAILOR NOW..

It happened in Honolulu, and they tell me: You'll be sorry

By Daniel Farson

and he pointed under the bunk. 'It's in the suitcase,' and he bent down to open it.

"Nervously I looked over his shoulder. He took out a large tin box. 'There,' I looked at him in surprise. 'The ashes,' he said. I stared at him. 'Didn't you know my wife died just before the war? You didn't think?' He looked at the black trunk. 'Good God!' he gave a laugh.

"No. My wife died naturally and was cremated. She had asked, these last few years, for her ashes to be scattered at sea near the spot where we believed our son was drowned in the war."

Less bizarre and more credible was a story told me by one of the deckhands. He used to be on tankers, and said that during the first week everyone was extremely friendly and talkative. Then arguments started and the gloomy realisation that no one knew where they were going or for how long settled heavily on the ship. There were two friends who had been inseparable on shore and had joined together. About 10 days out they had a violent

row over a rash of bacon — which one accused the other of stealing from his plate.

In silence

They were so angry they refused to speak to each other for the rest of the day. The silence continued. They slept in the same cabin, they worked together, but they never spoke to each other for the whole eight and a half months the trip eventually took. When they stepped ashore they went their separate ways, never to meet again.

I like this story because of the rash of bacon. I have found that food frequently provokes the most gentle men to anger.

One of the craziest things I have ever done occurred on our return visit to Honolulu. I went ashore with Den, a plate-washer, who comes from the Isle of Sheppey.

Den has a furious cat-tattooed on his left shoulder and towards the end of the evening he decided to have another tattoo. I decided to have one, too. We didn't have much money and the ship was about to sail, so we settled for a small fish. Some mad impulse induced us to have it on our hands. I found the tattoo extremely painful, flinching shamelessly, much to Den's disgust. But that was nothing to what I've suffered since.

Marked for life

Throughout the day I hear the same comment: "You're marked for life." "What a place to choose." "You'll regret this as long as you live." The only exception was someone who said that people with tattoos were especially prone to epilepsy.

I am intrigued to see the tattoos on other people. There are a large number of crucifixion scenes on the chest; several tombstones "In Memory of My Brother"; a night-watchman has a head of Queen Victoria which he had tattooed in 1898 when he was a young marine in Portsmouth; and a deckhand has the large letters "M.P.P.T.Y." across his stomach. But nobody else has a tattoo on their hands. However, I suppose I can cover it up with plaster when I go out to smart dinner parties.

A nice lad

I feel guilty over one incident. It concerns a Scotch laundry boy. He was a nice lad and obviously lonely. He was always asking to do things for me — would I like something pressed, did I want my clothes washed? He never mentioned anyone back home, and I had the feeling that no one existed. He

seemed starved of affection. The trouble was I could hardly understand a word he said in his thick Glaswegian accent.

I usually gathered that some disaster had befallen him — "I was ashore last night and ever so drunk and my friends carried me back and my money was stolen and I feel terrible and could I have some pineapple juice?" which he pronounced "pain-apol."

When we were in Auckland I ended up at a dance and soon there was a mournful "hullo" beside me. It was the little laundry boy, and he said something I simply could not grasp. "I'm awfully sorry," I said, "I just cannot understand you."

Impatiently

He repeated it and it sounded like "Ann going to stoop the night at soon friend's house," which is obviously couched to have been for we sailed at midnight. "Oh yes, yes, yes," I said impatiently.

Later I wondered what on earth he'd been trying to say. I learned the next morning when I was told he had jumped ship. He really had said that. It was his way of saying goodbye for ever and all I had answered was, "Oh, yes, yes, yes." Looking back on it, I'm glad I didn't understand him for I would have urged him to stay on board and I might have been wrong. Maybe he has found a home and people who are fond of him and a new life. I hope so.

The photo

"You know the lawn-off shotgun murder case?" he asked. "Yes."

"Well, you know the man shot himself after killing the woman?"

"And you remember the photo in the Sunday paper of the policeman who found the body?"

"Yes." "Well, he lives at the end of our street."

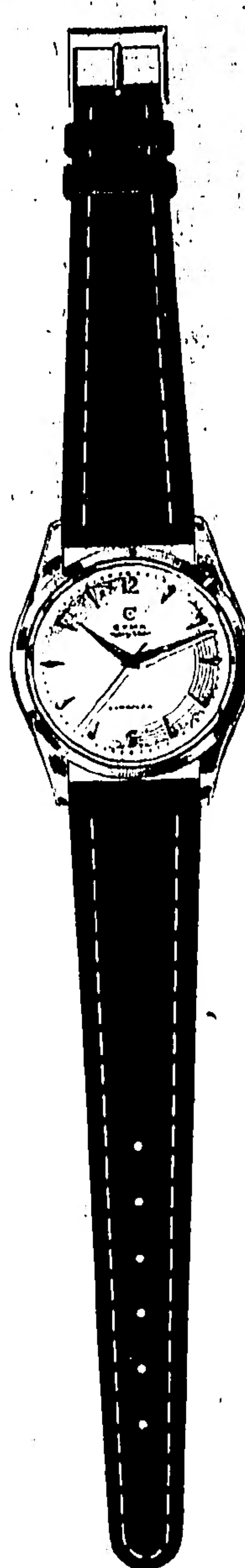
Or: "You remember the woman who sold her babies?"

"Yes." "I found it saved time to say yes."

"She lives in the next house but one — and you heard of the man who ran off with the little girl?"

When we left Sydney I asked Walter if he had had a good time. "Oh, yes!" he said. "We went for a drive and stopped at that dirt where all those people were killed. Amazing!"

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The Queen Of Pickpockets

By RITCHIE McEWEN

VIENNA. SIXTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD Maria Zawodsky was recently cited in court by the Vienna CID (with reluctant but genuine admiration) as the "Queen of pickpockets." The title comes as something of a finale to Maria's career for the frail, white-haired, light-fingered old-lady, neatly dressed in the deepest mourning, and wearing a lace cap and long black mittens, has been sentenced to six years' "rigorous imprisonment." If she survives this treatment, the fallen queen will be sent to a home for reconvicts, for the rest of her life.

Although she has spent 27 years of her life behind bars, the Queen of pickpockets was never once caught red-handed, though the police frequently set traps for her, and even kept a 24-hour watch on her movements for weeks at a time. "Only her one great weakness for keeping easily identifiable

wallets and handbags in a cupboard in her bedroom instead of throwing them away led to her final undoing and conviction on circumstantial evidence.

Maria's favourite hunting grounds were processions of all kinds, crowded railway stations at rush hours — and funerals. Especially funerals.

It was her remarkable skill and method of operation which earned her the title of "Queen of pickpockets" for Maria never faced her victim when at work. Instead, she practised her art to go to work with her hands BEHIND HER BACK, a feat which is claimed to be unique.

Admitting to a lifetime of crime, Maria told the judge she had been picking pockets for 50 years.

Asked how much her daily "earnings" might have been, Maria calmly replied: "Ten pounds if I worked a full day."

Asked, then, the judge, "But that's more than most people make in a year!" Unbelievable! Are you sure you stole that much?"

"Oh yes, your honour, it must have been something like that. Of course I can't say for sure because, you see, I'm quite uneducated and cannot count."

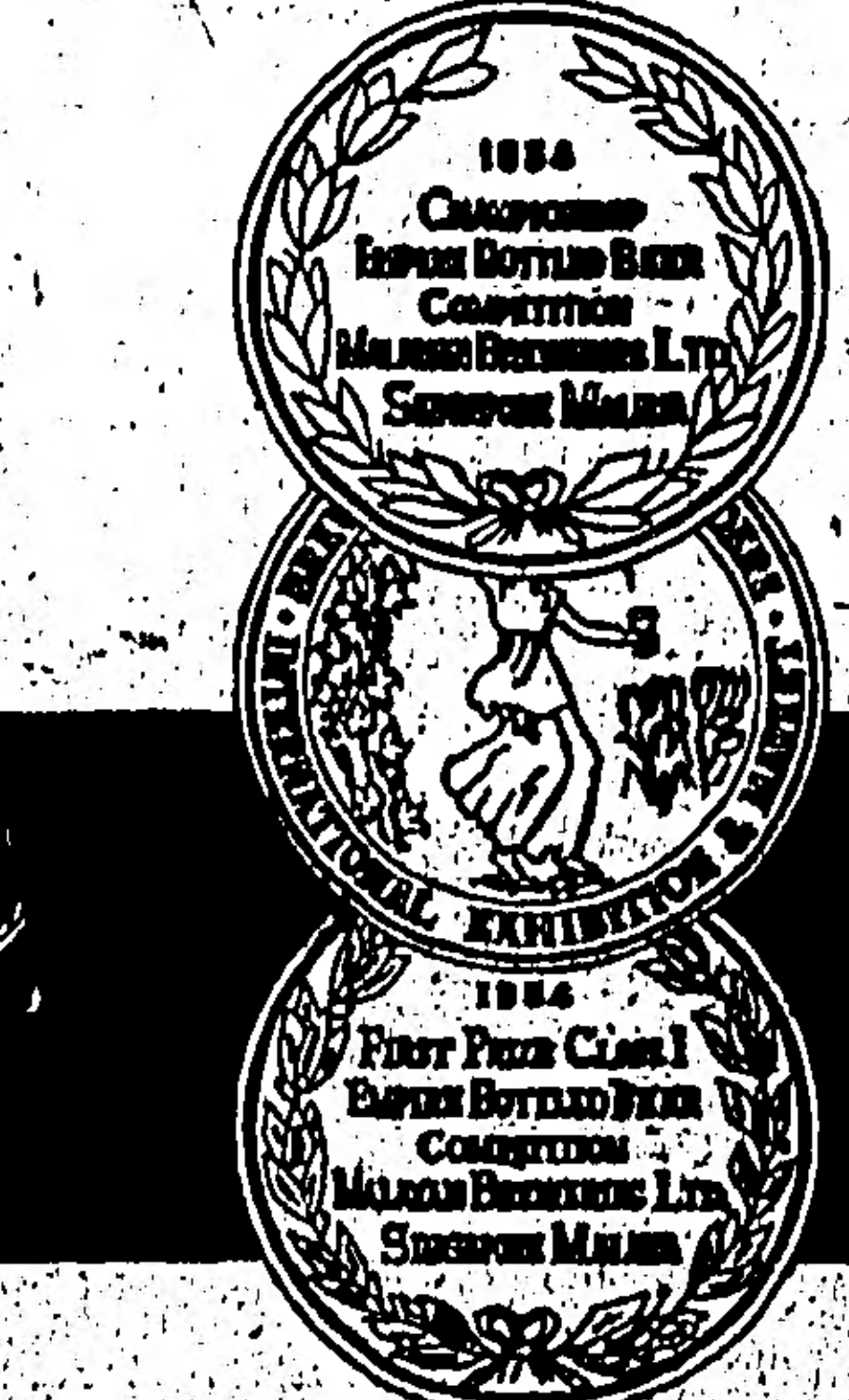
A large white handkerchief, an observant boy, and a chance meeting with a Vienna detective going on a holiday at a railway station rang up the curtain on the last act in Maria's story.

The detective, walking along the platform at one of Vienna's mainline stations to catch his holiday train, happened to spot Maria in the crowd. Having secured a seat, he decided to wait until the train departed. Suddenly a small boy cried out: "Look daddy, that lady is carrying your handkerchief!"

Before Maria could drop it, or vanish in the crowd, the watching detective — who had noticed nothing — had reached her side.

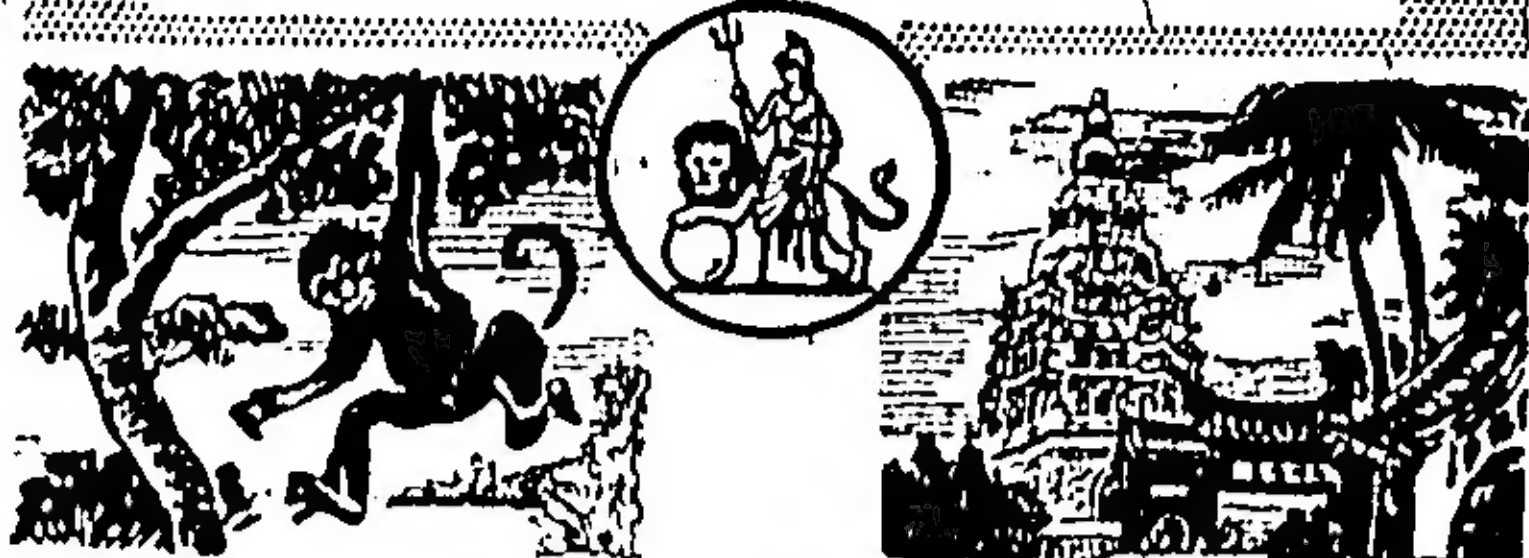
When searched, Maria was found to have the boy's father's wallet. The handkerchief had been folded up neatly with the wallet. Just why she was still holding the handkerchief in court had not been revealed in all manner of genius.

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YOLANDE DONLAN



Dreams of a bedroom refrigerator.

RONALD SEARLE



Thinks out his cartoons in bed.

By Amanda Marshall

Peter Ustinov thoughtfully remembered having slept in a cupboard in Langres, and assured me that it was the custom in Brittany. As often as he claustrophobically opened his cupboard door, the owner of the house shut him in again.

Mark of genius

Mr Ustinov, who has the true mark of genius—he can make his mind a blank and set off promptly to sleep—claims he sleeps best with his head high on two pillows, prefers a hard mattress, and remarked without a glimmer of pride that he was one of the few people who managed to sleep really well on a palliase during the war.

Mrs Val Guest, otherwise Yolande Donlan, the strawberry blonde, who became an

author this year, said instantly that she likes "oversize beds" and doesn't like sleeping alone. She prefers bedclothes in soft colours but no patterns or flowers. Her pet domestic dream, she said, a little wistfully, was a small bedroom refrigerator and a tea kettle, so that instead of wasting time lying awake from 4 to 5 a.m. one could busy oneself with a refreshing light snack and a cup of tea.

Ronald Searle "gets better ideas in bed," which is where he does all his cartoon thinking. With head under the sheets (he quite likes blue ones) he feels for drawing pad and pencil and scribbles pin-men and captions in the dark. Then in the morning, with pencils digging into his back and the sheets modishly striped with black pencil, he struggles to read the captions.

He likes a hard mattress and pillow—hates feathers, which give him nightmares about falling over cliffs, and likes the type of bed with double springing—"the kind that practically throw you out. It's harder to lose pencils in them too—they don't go through into the hair."

From 7.30 in the morning he does two hours' work on the letters and all the daily papers, while still in bed, but doesn't care for breakfast (coffee and an egg-and-brandy) until after the bath.

Proper function

Feliks Topolski has decided opinions on beds, "since lying down is one's proper function," and has just bought a four-poster "for some countified guest-room." He feels a bed should be "a thing within one's most favourite room, not in a bedroom, so that if I'm ill or tired or it's Sunday I can see my friends, reach out for a book, or look round at things I like."

His "marital concept of a bed is no wider than three-foot-six, with a variety of design and colour in bedclothes (but no salmon-pink)."

His big Regent's Park living-room is full of travellers' trophies, and contains a bed covered with a Topolski-designed patchwork made of "odd skins of exotic wild creatures."

Hot-water bottles he dislikes—"One has one's own resources." He claims no trace of the sybarite in his nature, says "The window is open, even in the fog. And I can sleep wherever I am—on cafe tables in China...."

No one seems to hanker after black silk sheets, or beds in the shape of swans or long-handled paint-brushes to doodle on the ceiling. But I discovered the prettiest answer to what to do with a handkerchief instead of a pillow: Nina Lecker, who runs a boutique, has a scarlet heart-shaped handkerchief—pocket sewn on to her blue bed-head.... (COPYRIGHT)



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Debutantes

I suspect that America, country of imaginative insomnia, started this craze for brighter sleeping. If, after several hours' hard work with little pills, hot drinks, special relaxing exercises, elementary Yoga and suitable soothing reading-matter, you still can't sleep, it may be more restful to lie awake counting the roses on your pillow than thinking about your income tax returns.

There seems only one snag: debutantes and teen-agers, and

MR JESSEL LOVES TO TALK, MOSTLY ABOUT MR JESSEL

by
ALAN BRIEN

GEORGE JESSEL is not a modest man. But then he has nothing to be modest about—at least, not the way he tells the story. He blows his own trumpet with the tireless passion of a Louis Armstrong.

In America he has made a national reputation as a comedian, a singer, a song writer, an author, a playwright, a cabaret star, an after-dinner speaker, and a producer of film musicals. He has had more careers at the age of 57 than most men have had suits. He also has more suits than most men have suits.

Still hot

Harry S. Truman called him "the Toastmaster-General of the United States." Jessel is an indefatigable funeral orator at the graveside of his famous colleagues. Many of his speeches he has reprinted in full in his volumes of autobiography (George Jessel's Memorial Speech, Carnegie Hall, 1949; Eulogy for Al Jolson, Temple Israel, 1950).

But his eulogies of himself are too good to waste on posterity, and he delivers them while they are still hot.

In his 57 years the name of George Jessel has been coupled in print with many famous beauties. Norma Talmadge he married and up-married. He made a star of Frances Gumm, to whom he whispered the magic words, "Child, forget your own name. You are now Judy Garland."

He took Marilyn Monroe to her first stylish party in Holly-

wood, where the waiter dropped his tray whenever he came near her. But his romance with himself seems to have been the only love affair which has lasted a lifetime.

The last time Jessel appeared on the stage in London was as a 44-year-old singer at the Victoria Palace. What with Zep-pollin raids and his newly broken voice, it can hardly have been a triumph for the young performer.

He returns to the Victoria Palace with a song-and-joke act in the Royal Variety Show. The weeks ahead will see him appearing in cabaret at the Savoy and in three other shows on TV.

Bathrobe

In the flesh, George Jessel resembles his protégé George Burns in a high state of apoplexy. When I saw him at 5.30 p.m. in his hotel room, he was very much in the flesh. He was wearing only a pair of rather lady-like black silk slippers and a short black bathrobe, something after the fashion of an Oxford BA's gown.

He fired off two remarks. Both were questions.

The first: "Have a drink?" The second: "Know any girls?"

Taking my two leers as answers he bounced down on the sofa, smoothed back his thin well-plastered hair and turned his black button eyes on me.

"Go ahead," he said, "let me tell you how goddam smart I am."

I asked about his various careers in show business and why he changed so often from one to the other. His answers soon fell into a pattern. How good Jessel was at his best. How things went wrong through no fault of his own. How each branch of the business slumped when he left it.

Sold pens

"Why did I leave Hollywood? There's no reason I shouldn't tell the truth. I got a little money. Not much, but a little, so what do I care?"

"I got fed up with being paid too highly for talking too many orders."

"So I went into television. I had a great success. Eleven thousand dollars each for 11 shows from NBC."

"Then I took issue with the networks over the way they worked out the audience ratings. They ring up a few hundred dials on the telephone and multiply by thousands. And that's how good you are. Well, listen, the people who watch my shows don't have telephones. I live in the book. They live in apartment blocks or hotels."

"I figured I was smart enough to be my own sponsor. I bought half-shares in a ball-point pen. That was some pen. I sold

2,000,000 dollars of pens in two weeks. One million eight hundred thousand of them turned out to be defective. Guys who used them got ruined suits. All I got was lawsuits."

I said I would hazard a guess that he wasn't a great admirer of television now.

"You can say that again. Be sure to print this. I'd like this to be read in every hamlet. What- ever happens, don't have sponsored television. Those sponsors tell you what to do, what to say, how to say it."

"Television kills conversation, and I love conversation. Why for 17 hours every day you can't find someone who'll say hello in New York."

Do they care?

"What about going back to the theatre?" I asked.

"The theatre? It's dead. You've heard of Broadway—the Great White Way—give my regards to all that stuff. There isn't one single live actor playing on it today. One or two in the side streets. But not one actually on it. That's what television does."

"As for the movies. Twenty theatres close every day. Do you think the rest of the world wants Hollywood movies? Take the Ubangi—wherever they are. Those characters they



places in their mouths. Why should they give a damn about Grace Kelly?"

Despite his general pessimism, Jessel is optimistic about his own future.

And he has every reason to be so. Three months ago he was almost unknown to the British general public. Now, after appearing at the Royal Performance, he will top the bill at the Palladium next March. These are the highest rewards that a variety star can win in his profession. In Britain, Obviously Mr Jessel has been telling the story of his life to a great number of agents in a very short time.

Will the public be equally impressed? If George Jessel is only half as good as he says he is, then they will be in for the treat of a lifetime.

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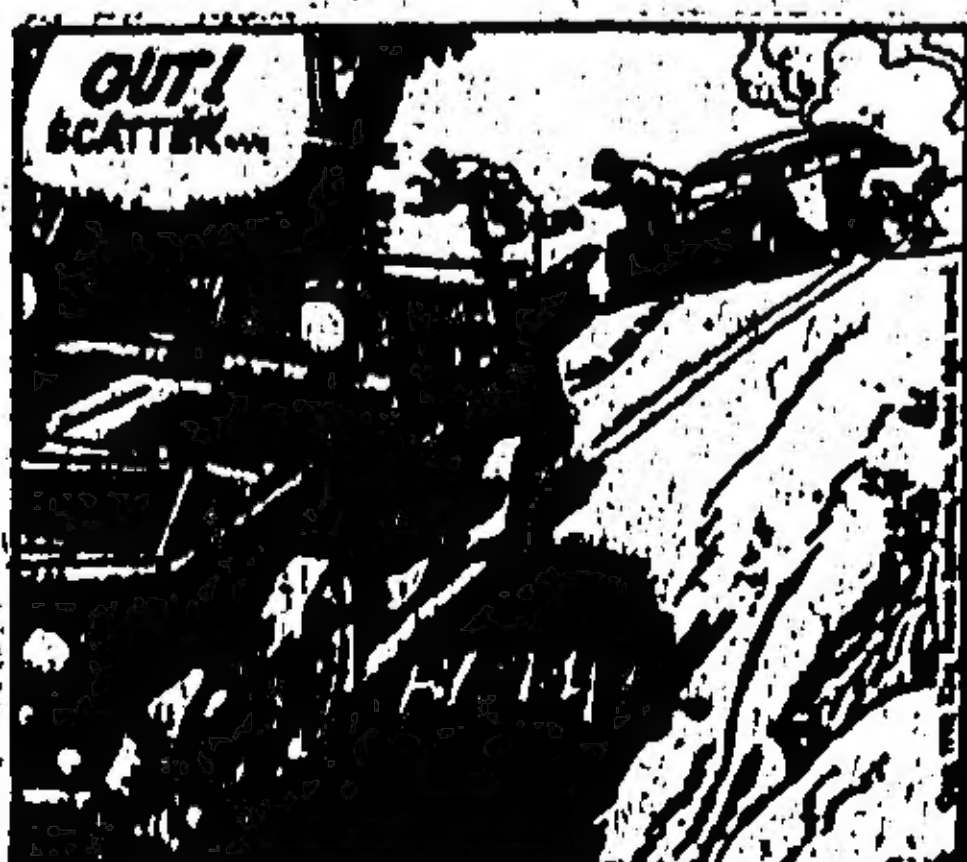
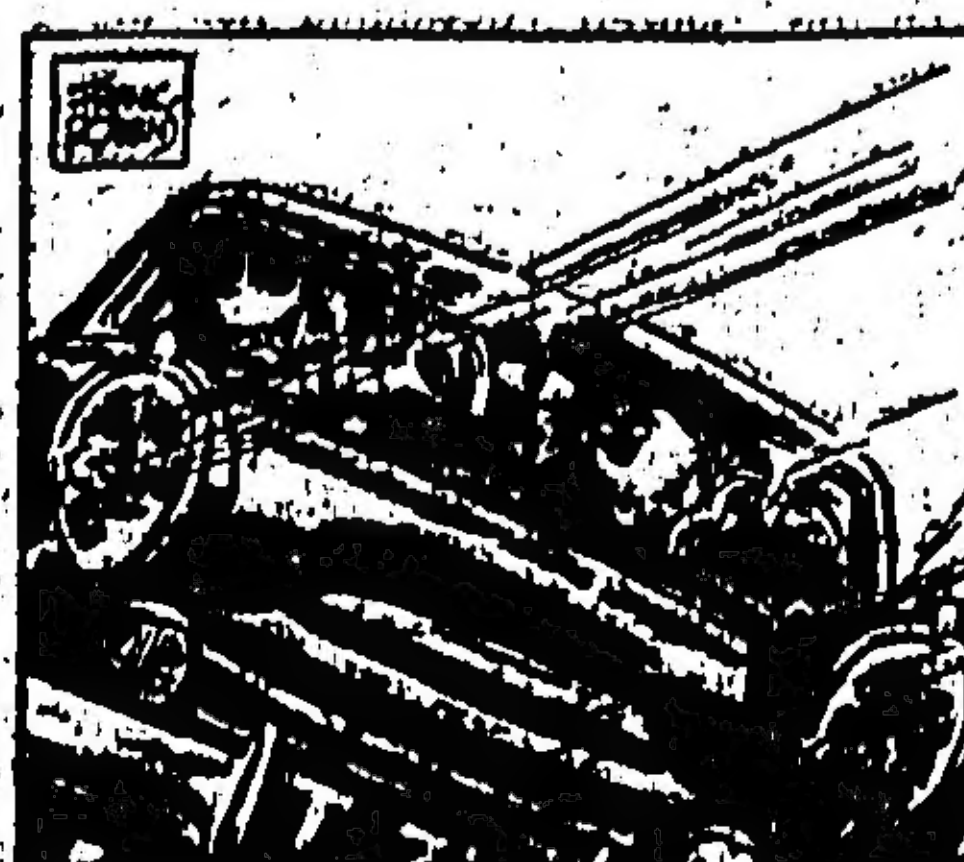
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



A portrait dress for a ball inspired by Spanish couturier Rodriguez—a Velasquez dress with bands of black velvet applied on to stiff white silk. From Jacquar.

ANNE SCOTT-JAMES reporting from MADRID

I'll give in—black IS right!

Especially if you add one vibrant colour

I MET a beautiful girl wearing a green Spanish jumper suit. I found a fine collection of Spanish sweaters. I heard news of some Spanish-looking swimsuits. I saw advance sketches of some Spanish-inspired fabrics.

All in London. All in one week.

So I flew to Madrid to find out if this was mere chance or if there is a new bubbling of Spanish fashion.

I spent a week in Madrid and Barcelona, with sorties into the country round about.

I've visited couturiers, factories, shops. I've talked to well-dressed Spanish women and I've watched the jet-eyed girls who stroll in the sunlit streets.

I find masses of taste and talent here.

Quite a lot to be learned and copied and bought if one could swim through the problems of doing business in a country where affairs move with Oriental slowness. And it is always afternoon.

I'VE SEEN the best jumper suits outside Switzerland. Better, perhaps, and half the price.

The jersey fabrics are treated so they never stretch out of shape. The patterns are unique: Jacquard woven muscals, flowers, abstract patterns by artist designers.

The new colours are ethereal pinks and blues for spring, combined with a spot of dark colour for strength.

The suits are individually cut and finished by hand.

THEIR IDEAS—for suede

I'VE SEEN the twin set of the year—or so it seemed after the second ceremonial sherry. The sweater was black, patterned with white. The cardigan was of black suede, like a silky pussycat.

This combining of suede and knitting is chic and exciting. The suede here is more like velvet than like heavy leather.

I TALKED to two of the most famous women in Spain, and found each, in her way, pre-occupied with her family.

I TALKED to the young, pretty Duchess of Alba, who is descended from the Stuarts and has one of the largest fortunes and estates in Spain.

She has three little boys and runs her homes personally, meticulously. Outside her home one of her big interests is charitable work for children.

She apologised to me for "all the confusion" in her apartment, because she is moving house, back to the Palace of Liria, which was damaged in the Civil War.

Vanloads of priceless Spanish and English pictures and furniture are being moved from apartment to palace, and the Duchess is busy supervising the hanging of each Velasquez.

I'VE SEEN handbags so soft and supple, so well designed, that I'd love to see them imported into England (Spanish leather is probably the best in the world).

I expect there are bags I don't know about, but the prices seem so low that even if these bags arrived home at treble the price I'd still think them cheap.

For instance, I've never known what to do about an evening bag—I hate all the ones I know, especially those nasty little beaded objects.

I've bought a beauty here, shaped like a big folding purse, in very soft black suede for 25s.

I'VE SEEN colours used in a wonderful way. The Spaniards don't clash colours, like the Italians. They pick one vibrant colour and use it with black.

The couturier Perle puts a short black crinoline under a fuchsia evening coat—lines a black coat with peacock blue.

I saw a woman in a restaurant with a crimson satin scarf against black hair, black eyes, black dress, coat, hat and shoes. Everywhere—black, black, black.

I'VE SEEN little that interested me in afternoon and evening clothes. Even the embroidery is a pale shadow of Paris.

It's the sports things and accessories that provide what we need so badly—something a bit different.

THEIR HOMES—come first

THE women here are great home women. Their life is the family. And for a Spanish woman there is no loneliness in being at home.

They have large families and adore their children. They housekeep beautifully. And the men come home at midday for lunch and a siesta before going back to work at four. (Tragedy is quick and easy in these small cities.)

One of the ready-made Spanish jersey suits that British customers are fighting for, well cut and hand finished. From Binas.

I have not seen a woman, old or young, whose eyes were not large and black and dominating.

And they are heavily and expertly made up. Long lashes are inked with mascara, eyes thickly outlined with black pencil. How right they are.

Then, think of them wearing black.

I talked about clothes to Senora De Quintanilla, who is considered one of the best-dressed women in Spain. She told me that four-fifths of her wardrobe is black.

"I wear brilliant colours in the summer," she said, "but always black in the winter."

Even the young girls in the shops and cafes wear black. They look chic and striking as individuals, rather sad and sombre as a crowd.

Think of them in the country, wearing rather astonishing tweeds. Much more sport goes on over here than you would imagine, and many women, as well as men, go shooting.

The Spanish tweed fabrics are surprisingly good.

But the Spanish woman's shooting outfit—tweed jeans or tight tweed cordor pants with pompons, a short jacket, and a cape or tunic over the top—would cause a bit of eyebrow-raising on a Scottish moor.

One said thing I haven't seen nearly so many lovely girls as you see in Italy, although I believe they are more beautiful and fierier in the south.

Here, in Castile, they are handsome, dignified, withdrawn, like the wax-faced, button-eyed melancholics of the portraits in the Prado.

Spain seems altogether less gay than Italy—the girls less pretty, the night clubs less effervescent.

How do they dress and look, these Spanish women?

First, think of them all wearing beautiful eyes.

THEIR DRESS—is dramatic

HOW do they dress and look, these Spanish women?

First, think of them all wearing beautiful eyes.

First, think of them all wearing beautiful eyes.

First, think of them all wearing beautiful eyes.

First, think of them all wearing beautiful eyes.

First, think of them all wearing beautiful eyes.

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A Thrilling Hobby For Housewives

THE proved long ago that flying was not just for the birds, and today an energetic organisation of women is proving that it's not just for the men.

They are the Ninety-Nines, a nationally-recognized group of women pilots, who were organized by Amelia Earhart in 1929. Earhart is now her tragic disappearance 18 years ago.

Local chapters of the Ninety-Nines are scattered throughout the United States, Canada and Alaska. They fly for fun and business, fame and prizes.

Mrs. Neva Rea, president of the 25 women who make up the Kansas City chapter, said that for the housewife looking for a hobby that's different, few things can compare with flying for excitement.

"Our chapter is dedicated to the proposition that flying is for women as well as for men," said Miss Rea, a pilot of 10 years of flying. "There may have been a day when flying was for men only, but the day is fading into the past."

She estimated there are 40,000 to 50,000 women pilots in the United States, with more and more women learning to fly every day.

Miss Rea took up flying after she began wondering what kept the plane in the air while on a commercial flight. "That led to flying lessons, and, once started, she couldn't stop."

She said her first solo flight "was the thrill of a lifetime" and led her to get a license to haul passengers.

She later became the first woman pilot with the Civil Air

Patrol here and helped families CAP cadets in flying. One of her first students was a young man who approached the plane, saw her, and exclaimed, "What! A woman driver!"

But he made the flight and later told Miss Rea it was one of the "nicest flights" he had ever made.

Mr. Marie Kuhlman, another Kansas City Ninety-Nines member, helps her husband, O. E. Kuhlman, by flying on company business for a plastics firm he owns.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Kuhlman first studied navigation, but took flying lessons when it really dawned on me I was missing a lot of fun by not knowing how to fly."

Mrs. Lauren Griffin, another active Kansas City pilot, earned her license three years ago and does flying for her husband, Mark, who is in the construction business. Between business flights, she found time to participate in three national air races.

Youngest of the Kansas City Ninety-Nines is Pat Rzymski, 16, who has just attained the age needed to get a license. She took up flying to find out why her father and brother thought it so interesting.

The oldest is "about 55," but Miss Rea explained that women pilots in their 60's are not uncommon.

Learning to fly is difficult, Miss Rea said, but once you've learned it's easier than driving a car. In fact, she added, it's much easier than driving and much less nerve-racking.

And you don't have so many men to razz you as do women auto drivers.—United Press.

Don't Scratch That Itch!

—Instead, See A Doctor

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

DON'T scratch that itch! It gives only temporary relief and it might be harmful.

Itching, or pruritus as it is called in medical terminology, is not a disease; it is a symptom. It is a disorder which may be localised or generalised and it may be from internal or external causes.

There are numerous external causes. Among them may be insecticides, soaps, deodorants, dyes, pollens and physical changes such as dryness of the skin, chafing and tickling caused by furs.

Dandruff, excessive dryness or irritating hair tonics generally are the cause of an itching scalp.

Woolen underwear, dyes of your socks, soap and cold water may cause your shins to itch during winter months.

Continued and vigorous scratching can cause even worse symptoms than the itching. You are likely to cause scratch marks on fissures, wounds or blood crusts.

Continued rubbing over a long period of time frequently results in lichenification in which the skin becomes thick and leathery.

What can you do about that itch?

Better see your doctor right away so he can find out what is causing it. Remove the source and you remove the itch.

He might suggest you change your diet, avoiding fish, shellfish, pork, strong cheeses and chocolate.

Before he can cure you permanently, however, you've got to break the scratching habit.

Menthol, with its cooling effect, is one of the drugs frequently used to halt itching. Phenol, too, is used a lot, but great care must be taken even with weak phenol preparations.

If applied to extensive areas, absorption of phenol can induce gangrene. So, don't use it without your doctor's advice. Benzocaine and liquor pills carbols are also good itching remedies.

Spots?

Spots and pimples in adolescence cause months or years of misery. Neglect may lead to permanent scarring. Why suffer needlessly? 'Eskamel' gets rid of spots quickly. More than this, 'Eskamel' hides the spots at once. It gives you back your good looks instantly. Ask your chemist for 'Eskamel'.



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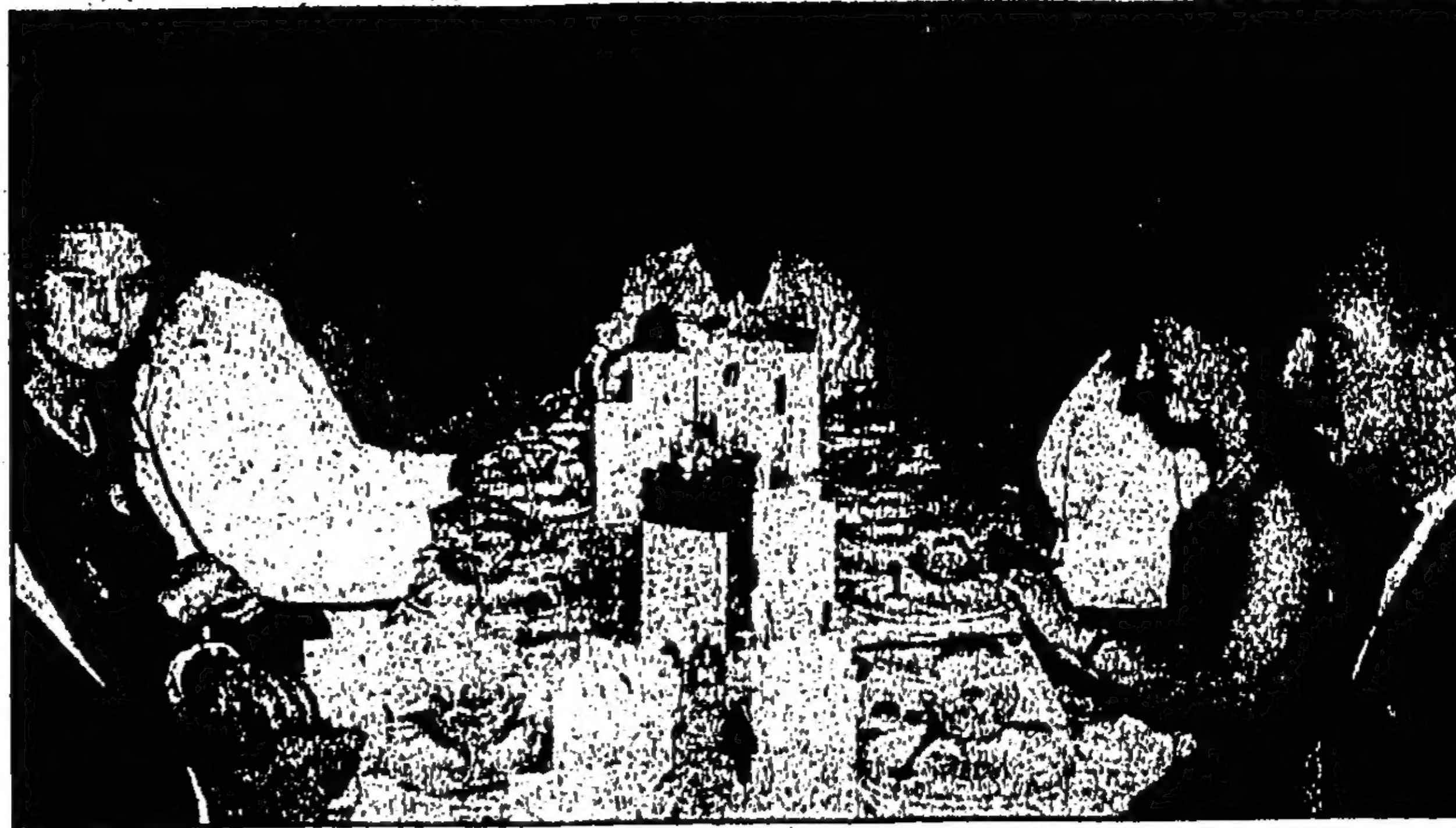
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HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham headed the distinguished gathering that attended the annual Officers' Mess dinner of the St John Ambulance Brigade. Above: Lady Grantham and Mr J. R. Jones exchange greetings. Right: The Commissioner of the Brigade, Mr Fung Ping-fan, with the Commissioner of Police, Mr A. C. Maxwell. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr and Mrs Frank Boals after their wedding at the Kowloon Union Church last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Lily Georgiana Rheinisch. (Staff Photographer)



THE President's table at the annual dinner dance of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force Petty Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, held at the Peninsula Hotel. From left: Mrs Passingham, Major G. H. Calvert, Mrs Rido, Mr E. A. Bull (Mess President), Mrs Calvert, Col. L. T. Rido, Mrs Bull and Capt. W. Passingham. (Staff Photographer)



SUB-INSPECTOR M. P. Curzon, on behalf of Yaumati Division, receiving from Mrs A. C. Maxwell the Inter-Division championship shield at the annual Police sports last Saturday. Left: The winning tug-of-war team from Kowloon Headquarters. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: The Hongkong Muslim Women's Association hold their sixth anniversary celebration at Queen's College last Sunday. Picture shows the swearing-in of new office holders. (Staff Photographer)



GUESTS felicitate Mr Anthony Fung and his bride, Miss Helen Young, at their wedding reception held at the Peninsula Hotel. They were married at St Teresa's Church. (Staff Photographer)

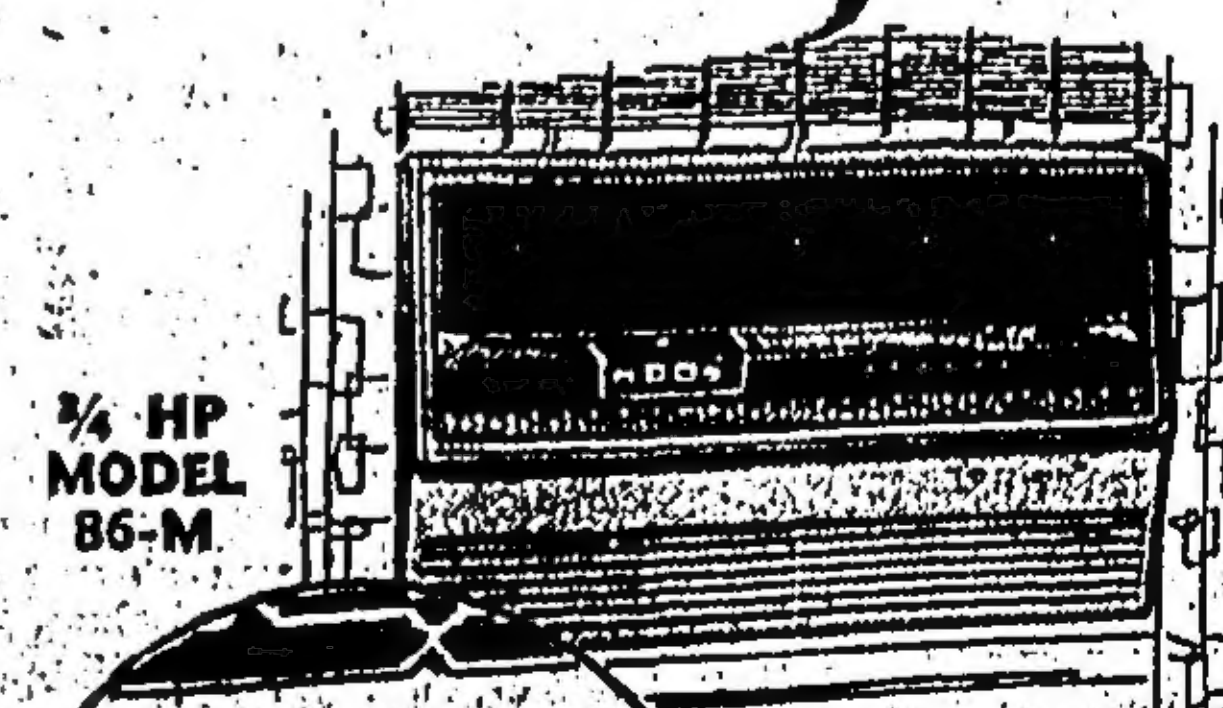


GROUP photo taken at the dinner party given by members of the Dragon Oasis, the Shrine Club of Hongkong, in honour of Illustrious Potentate Leslie Eastman and his Divan from Nijo Temple, Seattle, and Illustrious Potentate Theodore F. Trent and his Divan from Aloha Temple, Honolulu.

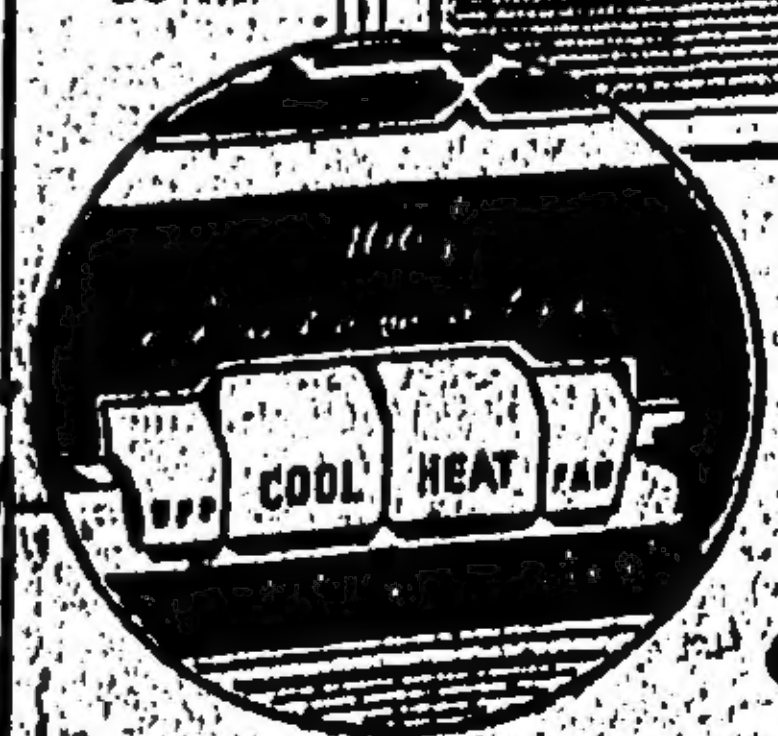
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HONGKONG

AT the International House Alumni Club reunion held at the Bankers' Club. The President, Dr S. W. Phoon, introducing Dr Charles Glicky (seated), who addressed the gathering. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr J. L. Moyn (centre) gave a cocktail party on Tuesday to introduce Mr Louis Martin (right), who has arrived here to undertake construction work on the new Kai Tak airfield. With them is the Hon. Kwok Chan. (Staff Photographer)





HIS Excellency the Governor shaking hands with Dr. H. J. Smyly on his visit to Hay Ling Chau leprosarium on Wednesday. His Excellency handed "clean" certificates to 51 patients who have been cured. On the left is Dr. N. D. Fraser, the Superintendent. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the christening of Adrian Phillip Denison, son of Mr and Mrs H. D. Bidwell, at St Joseph's Church. (Ming Yuen)



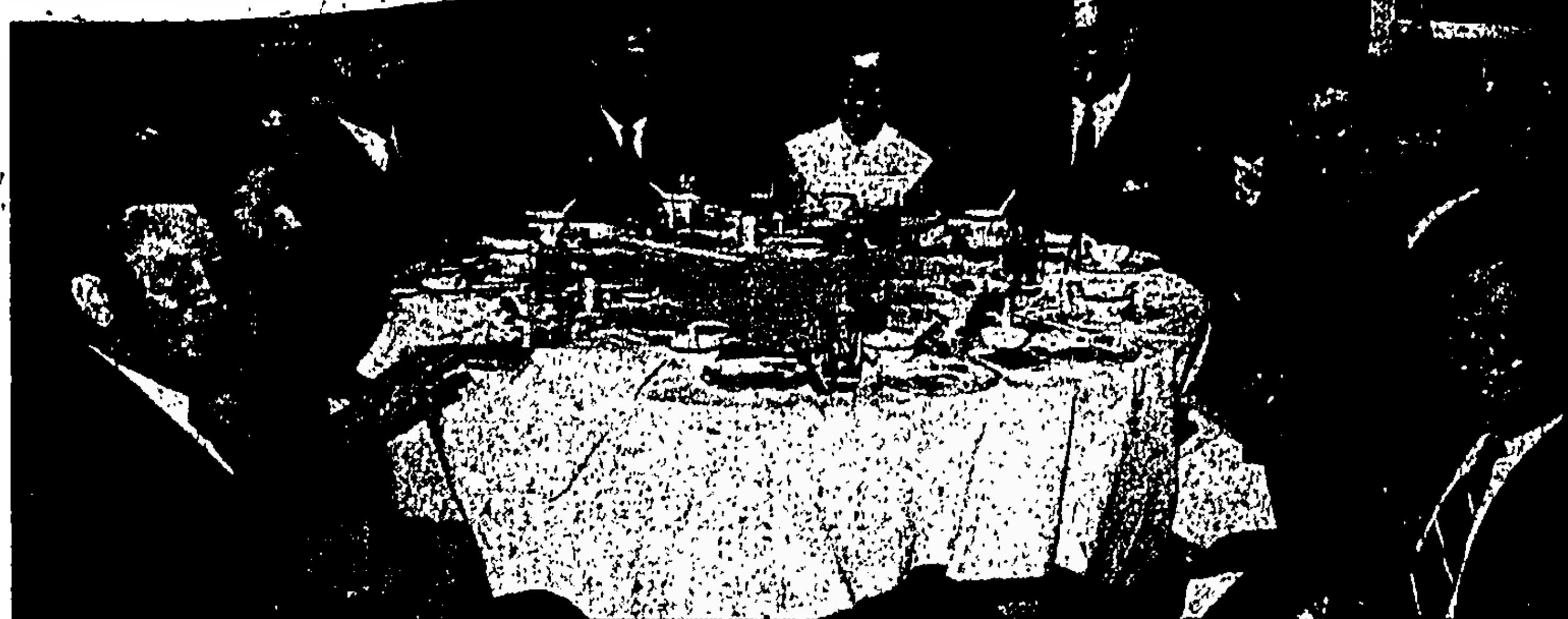
ABOVE and on the right are two of the twelve national numbers presented in connection with the "Under Heaven One Family" pageant at the True Light Middle School last Saturday. The pageant climaxed a week's celebration of the YWCA centenary. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs D. L. Wilson, who were married at the Registry on Monday, pose with friends at the reception given later at the residence of Mr and Mrs F. G. Appleton. (Golden Studio)

LEFT: Chinese creations modelled at the annual fashion show of the Society for the Protection of Children (Women's Auxiliary). The young ladies are (left to right) Miss Woo Yuk-chau, Miss Liu Yee-ha, Miss Wu Man-yue, Miss Ma Yin-ping, Mrs S. Silva, Miss Chan Kit-hing and Miss Lo Yee-man. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Indian residents celebrated Dewali (New Year) Festival with a big dinner party at the Ritz. It was a happy occasion. A corner of the crowded ballroom is shown here. (Staff Photographer)

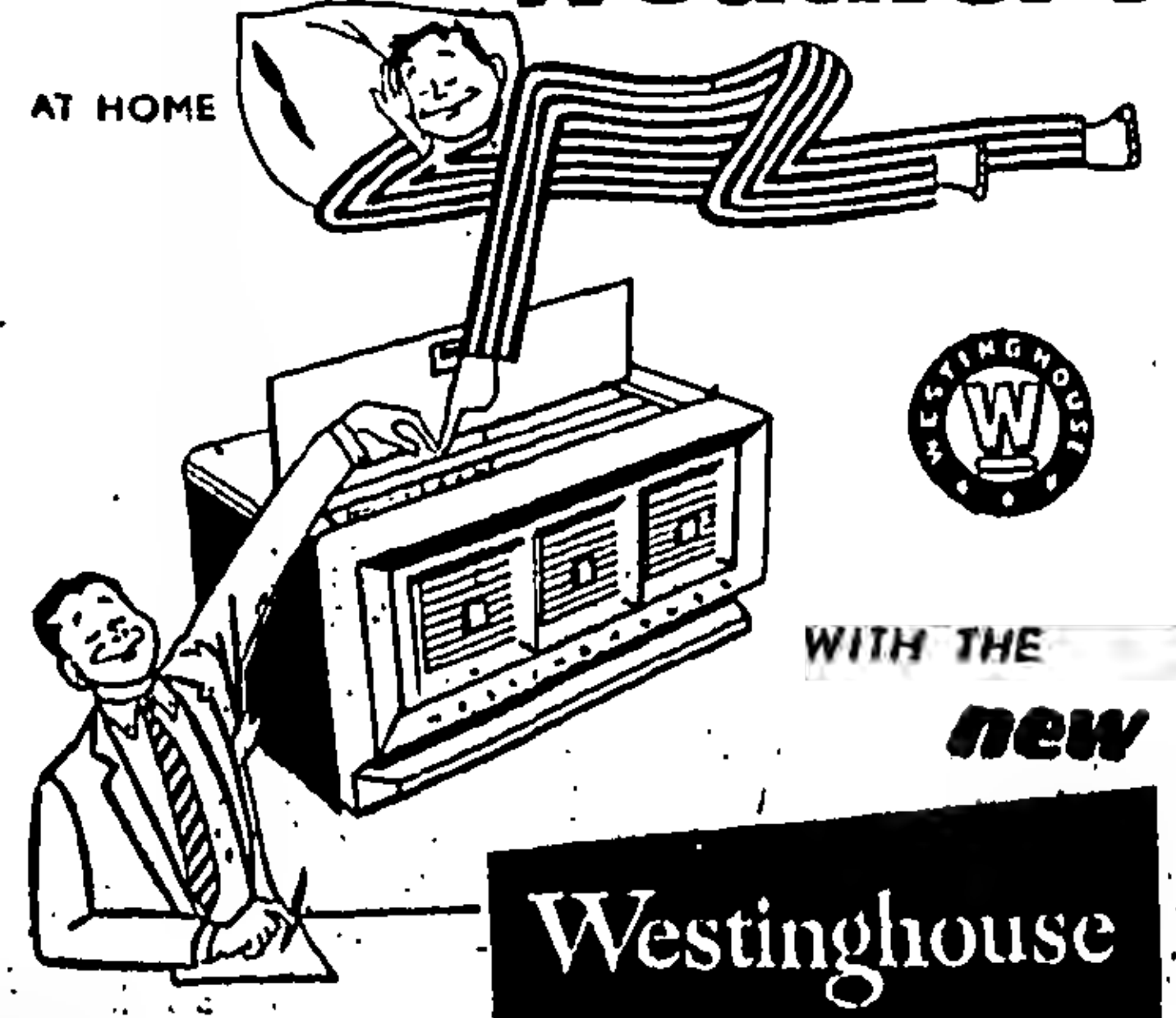


BELOW: Group picture taken after the wedding of Mr Peter Yee and Miss Rosalind Hsu, which took place at the Rosary Church on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



AT the farewell dinner given by members of the Urban Services Department to the Hon. H. G. Richards, Director of Urban Services and Chairman of the Urban Council, who is shortly leaving the Colony. Mr Richards is fourth from right. (Staff Photographer)

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BELOW: HE the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, shaking hands with officers of the Hongkong Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve when inspecting Divisions on his visit to their Headquarters on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



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SEE THEM ON DISPLAY IN OUR
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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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Knit While You Relax

Materials: 5 ozs. Ramada Super Knitting Wool, 3 ply in main colour, 1 oz. Ramada Super Knitting Wool, 3 ply, in dark contrast, 1 oz. Ramada Super Knitting Wool, 3 ply, in light contrast, 2 No. 10 and 2 No. 12 knitting needles, 7 buttons.

Measurements: Chest: 20 inches. Length: 25 inches.

Tension: 7½ stitches and 10 rows to 1 inch on No. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: K, knit; P, purl; st, stitches; ins, inches; rep, repeat; cont, continue; beg, beginning; M, main; Lt, light; Dk, dark; Ltg, together; dec, decrease; inc, increase; g.st, garter stitch (every row knit); st.st, stocking stitch (1 row knit, 1 row purl).

Note: To avoid making a hole when turning in the middle of a K. row, before turning bring wool forward, st. 1, from left hand needle, wool back, pass slip st. back to left hand needle, turn and work next row. When turning in a P. row work in the same way but take wool back, then forward.

FRONT

With M. wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 160 sts and work 22 rows in st.st. (thus ending with a P. row.)

Now work first Lt. and Dk. band thus—

1st and 2nd rows—K. to end, with Dk. wool.

With Lt. wool—3rd row, K. to end.

4th row, P. to end.

5th and 6th rows, A. 3rd and 4th rows.

With Dk. wool—7th and 8th rows, A. 1st and 2nd rows.

With M. wool work 1st dec. row thus—

Next row—K. 18, * (K. 2 tog.) twice, K. 28, rep. from * to last 2 sts. (K. 2 tog.) twice, K. 18. (158 sts.)

Now work 11 rows st.st. with M. wool beg. with a P. row.

Work a 2nd band in Lt. and Dk. wool as first.

With M. wool work 2nd dec. row thus—

Next row—K. 17, * (K. 2 tog.) twice, K. 30, rep. from * to last 2 sts. (K. 2 tog.) twice, K. 17. (150 sts.)

Now work 11 rows in st.st. with M. wool, beg. with a P. row.

Cont. working repeats of Lt. and Dk. bands and 12 rows in

st.st. with M. dec. 8 sts. on 1st row of every M. band as before but working 2 sts. less between each dec. and 1st less at each end.

When 7th Lt. and Dk. band has been completed and there are 118 sts. break off Lt. and Dk. wools and cont. in M. only.

Work 10 rows in st.st. (10 ins.)

Change to No. 12 needles and work last dec. row thus—

Next row—K. 4, * K. 2 tog. K. 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts. K. 2 tog. K. 4. (81 sts.)

Work 1 inch in st.st. ending with a P. row.

Change to No. 10 needles.

Int. 1 st. at each end of next and every following row until there are 95 sts. ending with a P. row.

Shape for Sleeve—

Next row—Cast on 2 sts K. to last st. K. twice into last st.

Next row—Cast on 2 sts. P. to last st. P. twice into last st.

Rep. these 2 rows until there are 125 sts.

Next 2 rows—Cast on 7 sts. work to end. (132 sts.)

Cont. in st.st. without shaping until work measures 8 ins. from last dec. row at waist, ending with a P. row.

Shape Neck—

Next row—K. 66, cast off 7, K. to end.

Work on this last set of 60 sts. only.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge of next and every following row until 51 sts. remain, ending at neck edge.

Shape Shoulder—

1st and 2nd rows—K. to within last 11 sts. turn, P. to end.

3rd and 4th rows—K. to within last 19 sts. turn, P. to end.

5th and 6th rows—K. to within last 27 sts. turn, P. to end.

7th and 8th rows—K. to within last 35 sts. turn, P. to end.

9th and 10th rows—K. to within last 43 sts. turn, P. to end.

Leave these 51 sts. on a spare needle.

With wrong side of work facing rejoin wool to remaining 5



66 sts. and work as first side, but reading purl for knit and knit for purl when shaping shoulder.

BACK

Work exactly as given for front until 1 inch of st.st. on No. 12 needles has been completed, ending with a P. row.

Divide for Back Opening—

Next row—K. twice into first st. K. 42 turn.

Next row—K. 4, P. to end.

Cont. on these 44 sts. only for more rows, working 4 sts. at

back opening in g.st. and remainder in st.st. inc. 1 st. at beg. of last row.

Shape for Sleeve—

Next row—Cast on 2 sts. work to end.

Next row—Work to last st. work twice into last st.

Rep. these 2 rows until there are 65 sts.

Next row—Cast on 7 sts. work to end. (72 sts.)

Cont. in st.st. without shaping until work measures 9½ ins. from last dec. row at waist, ending at neck edge.

Shape Neck and Shoulder—

1st row—Cast off 8 sts. P. to within last 11 sts. turn.

2nd and alternative rows—K. to last 2 sts. K. 2 tog.

3rd row—Cast off 2 sts. P. to within last 19 sts. turn.

5th row—Cast off 2 sts. P. to within last 27 sts. turn.

7th row—Cast off 2 sts. P. to within last 35 sts. turn.

9th row—Cast off 2 sts. P. to within last 43 sts. turn.

10th row—A. 2nd row.

Leave remaining 51 sts. on a spare needle.

With right side of work facing rejoin wool to remaining 51 sts.

Next row—Cast on 5 sts. K. to last st. K. twice into last st.

Cont. working 4 sts. at centre back opening in g.st. and remainder in st.st. inc. 1 st. at end of every following 6th row until there are 50 sts. Now complete as for first side. But omitting buttonholes and reading purl for knit and knit for purl when shaping shoulder.

NECK BAND

Graft together the 2 sets of 51 sts. for each shoulder.

With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles and Dk. wool, pick up and K. 80 sts. evenly round neck. K. 1 row with Dk. wool. Join Lt. wool and work 6 rows in st.st. making a 7th buttonhole in the last 2 rows above previous buttonholes. Break off Lt. wool. K. 2 rows with Dk. wool. Cast off fairly loosely.

SLEEVE BANDS

With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles and Dk. wool, pick up and K. 64 sts. along edge of sleeve. K. 1 row with Dk. wool. Join Lt. wool and work 6 rows in st.st. Break off Lt. wool. K. 2 rows with Dk. wool. Cast off fairly loosely.

Work a second band in the same way.

TO MAKE UP

Press work with a damp cloth and a hot iron. Join side underarm seams, matching bands. Sew down neatly the cast on sts. of underwrap at centre back. Sew on buttons. Turn up a 1 inch hem round lower edge and slip stitch. Press all seams and hem.

A New Series On Crochet Design

Diamond Centrepiece

MATERIALS: Coots' Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20. (20 Grm.), 5 balls selected colour. ¾ yd. (84.3 cm.) square of matching linen. Milwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 3. (Slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½.)

TENSION: 5 sps—1 in. (2.5 cm.).

MEASUREMENTS: 20 in. (50.7 cm.) approx. Depth of Edging: ¾ in. (12 cm.).

ABBREVIATIONS: Ch—chain; tr—treble; sp—space.

DIRECTIONS

Commence with 51 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr into 8th ch from hook (sp made), (2 ch, miss 2 ch, 1 tr into next ch—another sp made) 4 times, 1 tr into each of next 3 ch. (2 ch, miss 3 ch, into next ch work 1 tr 2 ch and 1 tr) 7 times, 6 ch, turn.

2nd Row: Into first sp work 2 tr 1 ch and 2 tr (shell made), (miss next sp, into next sp work 2 tr 1 ch and 2 tr—another shell made) 6 times, 2 ch, 2 tr into next tr 1 tr into each of next 2 tr, 2 tr into next tr, (2 ch, 1 tr into next tr—sp made over sp) 4 times, 2 ch, miss 2 ch of commencing ch, 1 tr into next ch, 5 ch, turn.

3rd Row: 5 sps, 1 tr into each tr of tr group, working 2 tr into first and last tr of group, 12 tr into sp of next shell work 1 tr 2 ch and 1 tr) 7 times, 6 ch, turn.

4th Row: Shell into first sp, (miss next sp, shell into next sp) 6 times, 2 ch, 1 tr into each tr of tr group, working 2 tr into first and last tr of group, sp over each sp across, 5 ch, turn.

5th to 12th Row: Repeat 3rd and 4th rows 4 times more.

13th Row: As 3rd row, turning with 6 ch.

14th Row: 2 tr into first sp, 6 ch, 1 tr into top of last tr made, 2 tr into same sp, (miss next sp, 2 tr into next sp, 6 ch, 1 tr into top of last tr made, 2 tr into same sp) 6 times, 2 ch, complete row in pattern (30 tr), 6 ch, turn.

15th Row: 4 sps, 2 ch, 2 tr into each of next 2 tr, (2 ch, miss 3 tr, into next tr work 1 tr 2 ch and 1 tr) 7 times, 6 ch, turn.

Repeat 2nd to 15th rows until 14 points have been completed, ending with 14th row on 14th point. Fasten off.

Sew first and last rows neatly together. Pin edging in place on linen. Cut linen to size leaving ¾ in. (3 cm.) for hem. Sew hem and edging neatly. Damp and press.



A Pretty Table Makes Good Food Taste Better

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"A FINE dinner is like a melody," said the Chef. "A symphony of flavours, a contrast in food textures and temperatures—but like a melody, it must have the right accompaniment."

"And in case of a formal dinner, Chef," I answered, "that means a white or pastel tablecloth, matching or contrasting napkins, a low centre-piece, china with simple border that frames the food and beautiful shining silver, correctly placed."

"I am much intrigued with a new line of sterling silver, called the 'balanced place setting'. The pieces are designed so those on either side of the plate curve toward each other, making it easy for anyone to set the table."

DINNER

Fresh Fruit Cup
Mixed Grill Platter
Baked Acorn Squash
Tomato Sauce
Chef's Salad Bowl
Chocolate Bavarian
Coffee

All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Proportioned to Serve 4 to 6

Mixed Grill Platter: For each person use 1 (1½") thick loin lamb chop (including the kidney), well trimmed and rolled, 1 small slice calves' liver, or ¼ section sweetbread, 1 small sausage and 1 strip bacon. Dust

the meats, (except the bacon and sausage) with salt and pepper.

Arrange the lamb chops on the grill; slow-broil about 10 min. Then add the liver or prepared sweetbreads. Brush with butter and dust with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate.

Add the sausage; continue to broil about 10 min. longer, or until all the meats are done. Garnish with lemon wedges.

Chocolate Bavarian: In the top of a double boiler, mix 1 envelope unflavoured gelatin, ¼ c. sugar and ¼ tsp. salt.

Separate 3 eggs. Beat the yolks; stir in 1½ c. milk; add to the gelatin mixture.

Add 2 squares (ounces) unsweetened chocolate. Cook over boiling water, stirring occasionally, about 8 min. or until the gelatin dissolves and the mixture thickens slightly.

Remove from the heat; stir in 1 tbsp. pure vanilla extract. Beat with a rotary beater until the chocolate is blended. Refrigerate until the mixture mounds slightly when a little is dropped from a spoon.

Beat the egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Gradually add ½ c. additional sugar; beat until very stiff, fold in the gelatin mixture. Then beat and fold in ½ c. heavy cream. Turn into a 6-cup mould. Refrigerate 4 hrs., or until firm. Unmould. If desired, garnish with whipped cream. Serves 8.



A FORMAL dinner table set with shining silver and the new line of balanced place settings.

What Is Health?

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

FROM time to time, it seems advisable to stop and look at what we are talking about, to be sure that we really know what it is. What IS health?

Mark Twain, for example, announced in his wry manner: "The only way to keep your health is to eat what you don't want, drink what you don't like and do what you'd rather not." He got that impression straight from the horse's mouth, from the so-called "rules of health" to which I have been paying my disrespectful these many years. And Mark Twain wasn't alone. One student had asked if it was not possible to be healthy and happy at the same time. And well might he ask, if he had been reading some of the pronouncements relating to health—eight hours of sleep every night; no tea, no coffee, chocolate, no nothing; 15 minutes up-setting calisthenics before the open window; deep breathing till you're dizzy; cold shower without fail (B-r-r-r-r)—and so on. And brush your hair neatly—whatever that did for your health I never found out.

NEW CONCEPT

This cast-iron, rigid-rule health philosophy is, of course, one of the reasons why students hate the health course in high school and college or old until recently when a bit of the joy of living was permitted to become associated with the concept of health. Any observer with two eyes and a little sense knows that tobacco doesn't stunt the growth of the youth who indulges, as was preached by so many years ago. There are plenty of other reasons for not using it, but the old chestnuts hang on. The same goes for alcohol. Everybody who takes one drink does not thereby get himself upon the road to ruin. And he does reduce his efficiency, increase his accident

proneness, take on calories which produce nothing but unwanted fat, and takes the risk of one day discovering that he is an alcoholic.

The use of perfectly wholesome foods is banned, according to some philosophies of "healthful" living. Granted that some people eat too much sugar, and that this excess is connected with dental decay, it does not follow that all candy must be denied to children, and perfectly wholesome soft drinks be condemned as virtual poisons, merely because excesses in the use of such substances can be shown to be harmful.

HAPPINESS NEEDED

What seems to be too generally overlooked is that a true concept of health must include being happy, because health today embraces not only fitness of the body, but serenity of the mind and tranquillity of the spirit. It means moderation in all things including even the pursuit of health. There is none more lonely and pathetic than the hypochondriac health fanatic who is so afraid to live for fear of violating some health law, that he loses the very health he seeks. Like happiness, true health cannot be forced. Again like happiness, it is often sought through-out the world, when it lies for the taking in one's own back yard.

Health should be an attractive idea, not a repulsive one. I like the definition of Dr. Everard Maymaring, written in 1870: "Health is that which makes you feel easy and your sleep refreshing; that renews your strength with the rising sun and makes you cheerful as the light of another day. 'Tis that which fills up the hollow and uneven places of your carcass, and makes your body plump and comely. 'Tis that which dresses you up in Nature's richest attire, and adorns your face with her choicest colours. 'Tis that which makes you exult in a sport, and walking abroad the enjoyment of your liberty. 'Tis that which makes you feel, and increases the natural endowment of your mind, and pre-tobacco doesn't stunt the growth of the youth who indulges, as was preached by so many years ago. There are plenty of other reasons for not using it, but the old chestnuts hang on. The same goes for alcohol. Everybody who takes one drink does not thereby get himself upon the road to ruin. And he does reduce his efficiency, increase his accident

NEW CONCEPT

This cast-iron, rigid-rule health philosophy is, of course, one of the reasons why students hate the health course in high school and college or old until recently when a bit of the joy of living was permitted to become associated with the concept of health. Any observer with two eyes and a little sense knows that tobacco doesn't stunt the growth of the youth who indulges, as was preached by so many years ago. There are plenty of other reasons for not using it, but the old chestnuts hang on. The same goes for alcohol. Everybody who takes one drink does not thereby get himself upon the road to ruin. And he does reduce his efficiency, increase his accident



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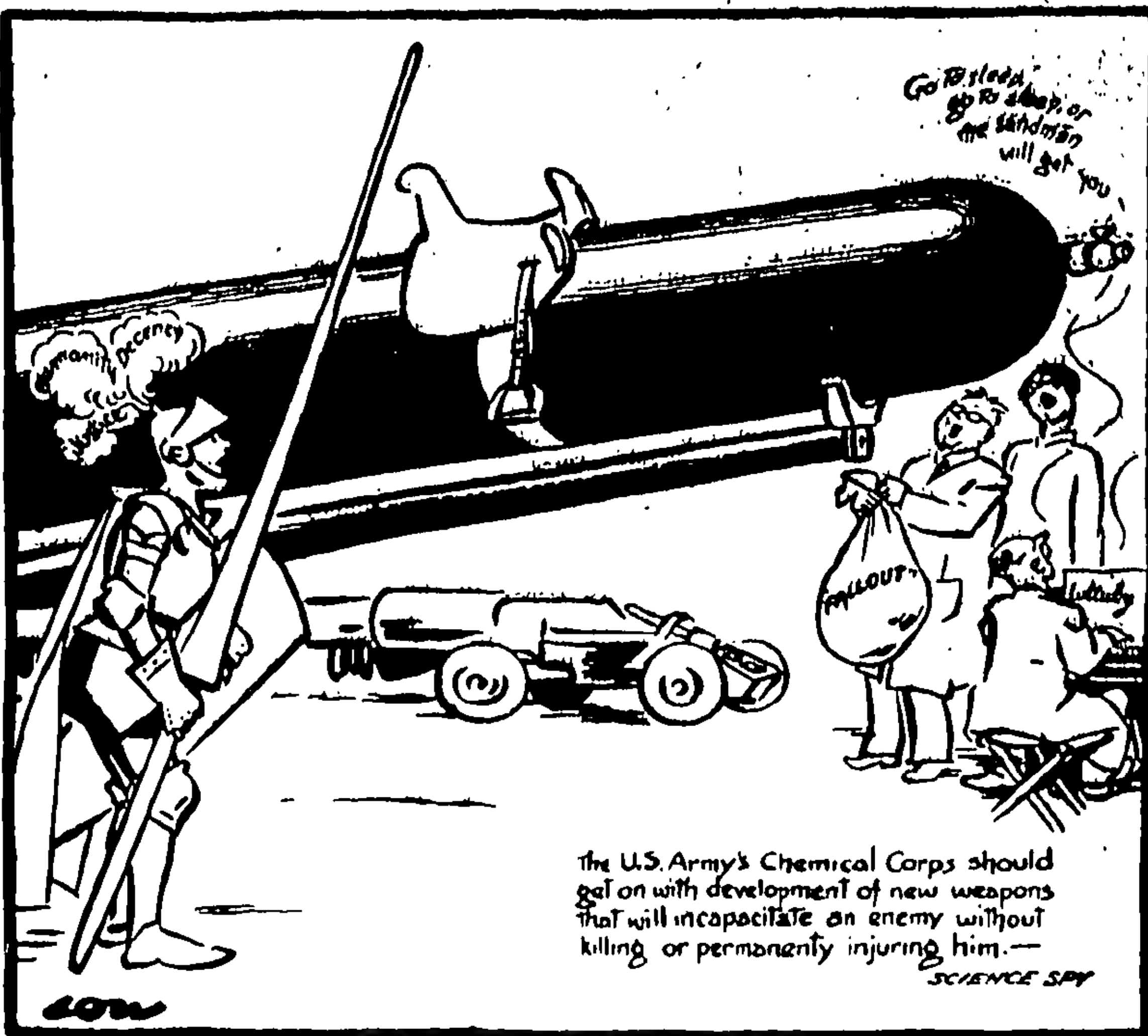
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THE REAL SITUATION ON THE WATERFRONT

By Alexander Broad

Washington. But the charges are too crude, too sweeping.

When Marion Brando's "On the Waterfront" reached the cinemas, a shocked nation watched with fascinated horror. But the film ended happily, and people went home again convinced that the American Way of Life had been vindicated once more.

Unfortunately, the real life counterpart of the film has no happy ending. Of course, real life isn't as simple as the films either. The film was about a corrupt dockside union, run by gangsters and engaged in widespread racketeering. It was a simple case of Sin versus a Clean Cut Young Man.

In real life, it is not quite like that. The International Longshoremen's Association of New York has been accused of every sin committed in the film.

There are criminals in the docks. Some of them are racketeers and some of them have had and still have strangleholds on large numbers of men. But the International Longshoremen's Association, despite the charges that have been levelled at it repeatedly and publicly by politicians, is not itself an organisation devoted to racketeering. Its organisation has sometimes been used by racketeers. But the real situation is more subtle.

The Commission

The real situation—and the wider charges—were back in the headlines this week.

It is interesting because, among other things, it may have a considerable bearing on next year's Presidential election.

Two years ago, a Waterfront Commission was set up to regulate New York Harbour. It has four members, two from New York State and two from the State of New Jersey which

lies across the Hudson and is therefore concerned with what are loosely called the "New York" docks.

These four men were given drastic powers to "clean up" the docks, the most important of which was the power to issue licences to anyone who wanted to work in the docks.

They were empowered to refuse licences to "criminals." That took away from the union some of its rights, for hiring, up to then, had been in the hands of the union.

For three years the chairman has been Lieut-General George F. Hays, the nominee of ex-Governor Thomas E. Dewey. Hays has been blunt and outspoken and he has taken the "clean up" seriously. His actions have resulted in an almost permanent feud between the commission and the union.

Last week Hays resigned—under pressure from the new Governor, Averell Harriman. He was replaced by John P. McGrath, who happens to have been Harriman's campaign manager.

Explosive Case

Harriman is a Democrat and now an avowed candidate for the presidential nomination, and Republicans in New York lost no time in pointing out the political implications of the switch.

Hays, they said, had been deposed because he was too tough. McGrath would prove soft.

The truth of the matter, according to what the New York Times called "informed observers," is that Harriman felt that a more "humane" approach to the problem was required. He believed that Hays made the dock workers feel that they were all criminals. In his place, he wanted a man who would be able to make peace on the docks.

In any case, mixing politics with the explosive dock situation may tell heavily against Harriman.

If dockland corruption grows, it could sink any chance he might have of getting the nomination.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ARCHBISHOP

By Les Armour

Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, Master of Arts, Honorary Doctor of Divinity, Honorary Doctor of Laws.

The man's titles (abbreviated) fill 15 lines of very small print.

Behind them is a man who once abandoned being Bishop of Chester to become an organ grinder in the town square for a day. Also a man who once formed a rugby team called the "Lambeth XI" which consisted of himself, his six sons, another bishop and his three sons.

It was a good team—it cleaned up a wide array of squeals consisting of rugged young choir boys. It was even alleged that perhaps God gave it a blue support. After all, as a learned and dispassionate divine put it, God must know the names of all football teams but one bearing the name of Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, might perhaps be easier for Him to call to mind.

Behind the titles, also, is a man with opinions on a wide array of topics.

He once said he thought the world might be a better place if politicians and statesmen remained silent for six months. He rages against the mass and mush mind created by the ruthless machinations of mass communication. (Television has drawn his fire sharply; but he has also shown that he knows how to make expert use of it.) He admires the patriotism of the Scots, deploring the high cost of printing.

He believes that marriage is indissoluble, that towering buildings ought not to be built in the City of London, that the Church of England ought actively to seek co-operation with the rest of the Protestant Churches of the world.

But, for all that, he is anything but pompous and pontifical. Recently he was speaking at a formal City of London dinner in the Guildhall. It happened that Britain was playing Russia at soccer that day. After a long succession of speeches, it came the Archbishop's turn to speak.

Instead of embarking on his prepared speech he got up and announced the soccer score. By some means known only to Archbishops he had managed to get it delivered to him.

At the moment, one day in 1948, when he was proclaimed Archbishop of Canterbury he was riding the London Underground, standing up and hanging grimly on to a strap.

A world which had its best view of him during the pomp and ceremony of the Coronation and has heard most about him during the recent controversy over Princess Margaret and Group Captain Townsend may well have formed the wrong impression. He can act the role of Prince and Prelate with perfect dignity

Few contemporary churchmen have had more column-inches of newspaper space devoted to them than the present Archbishop of Canterbury. Yet there is little common knowledge about the man who wears the primate's robes.

and immense authority. But it is not his normal stance. Geoffrey Francis Fisher was born 68 years ago at Nunston in Warwickshire where his father was a country parson. He was sent to boarding school—at Marlborough College, one of Britain's older "public schools." From there he won an open scholarship to Exeter College, Oxford. Open scholarships at Oxford take some winning; the term means, literally, that it is open to all comers and competition is invariably stiff.

THE scholarship committee was well justified. Geoffrey went on to win three first class degrees—in classics, literary humanities, and theology.

Such a display of scholastic fireworks was necessarily suspect, even at Oxford. The man who nabs three firsts in a row may be a genius. But intellectual powers of that order testify to a keenness of thought, a sensitivity, and a concentration which often make a man easy prey in the cruder and blunter outside world.

His tutors watched carefully. The future Archbishop first went back to his old school where he became an assistant master. Three years later, his tutors knew their fears were unfounded: he was appointed Headmaster of Repton School. He was just 28.

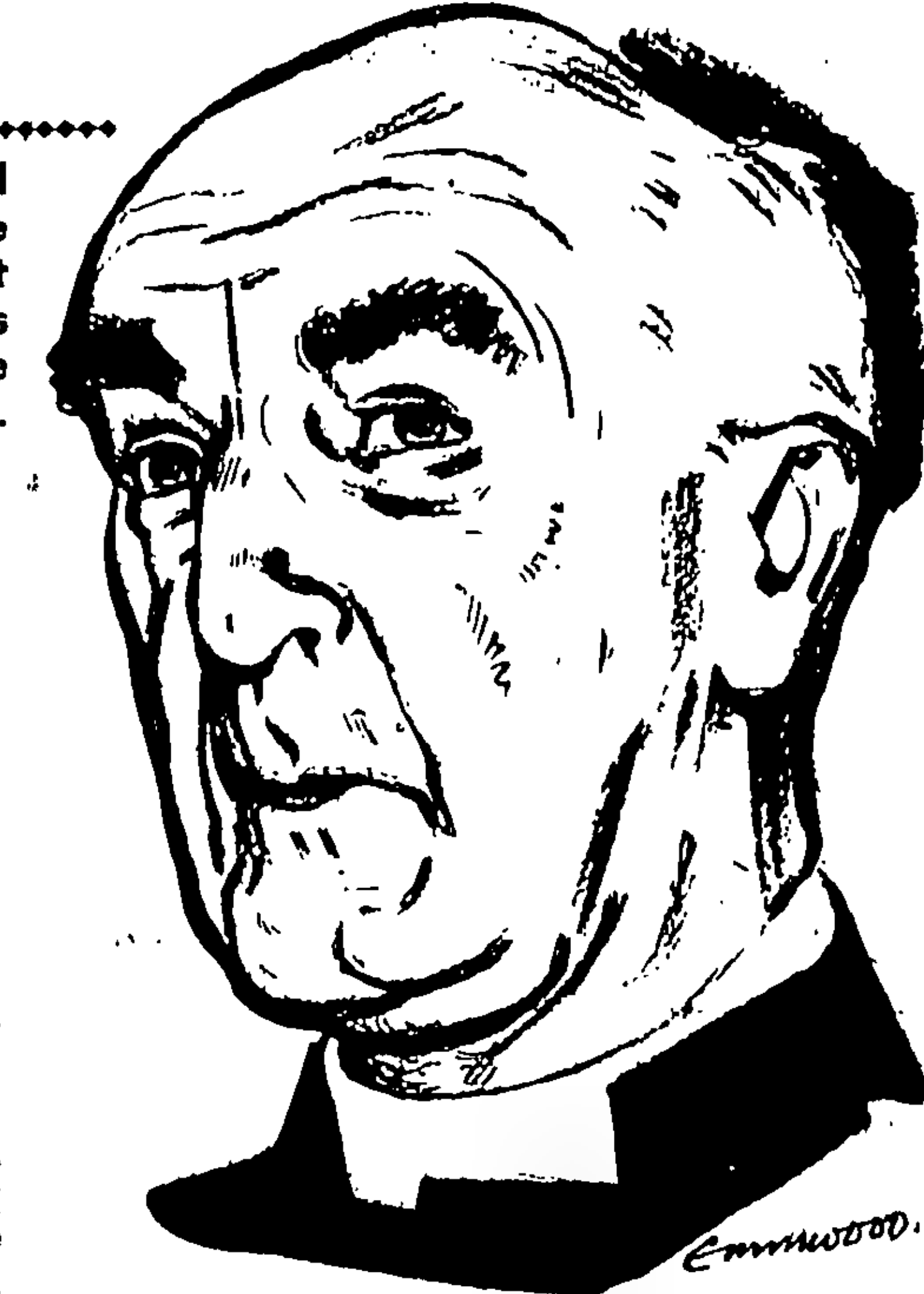
It was an auspicious appointment: William Temple who preceded Doctor Fisher as Archbishop also preceded him as Headmaster of Repton.

Dr. Fisher stayed at Repton for 20 years. Then he was appointed Bishop of Chester. The move startled and annoyed many clergymen. For a bishop is first an overseer of parishes and how could a man who had never served in a parish have a sufficient grasp of the problems of the parish priest?

THEY were on weak ground if only because many of the most notable figures in English church history moved from schoolmaster to bishop. But they were on especially weak ground because Dr. Fisher, after all, was the son of a vicar and the problems were no surprise to him.

Nevertheless, there was opposition. One vicar wrote in his parish magazine: "We prayed about this beforehand and this is what we got. We must make the best of it."

But the new bishop was a success. In 1939 when Dr. Winkfield Ingram, the beloved Bishop of London, who had lived, nearly penniless, for years in the slums



of London working among the poor until he was appointed bishop on the specific orders of King Edward VII, at last determined to retire, Dr. Fisher was chosen to succeed him.

It was a tough job for many reasons: London is the biggest and most complicated diocese in the Church of England. On top of that he was forced to live in the ancient and crumbling Fulham Palace. (As far back as 1715 it was condemned by a committee of architects.) In rates and taxes alone it cost £1,500 a year to maintain. Its 54 rooms required a regiment of servants. It even had a man in which cost £50 a year to keep in tune.

Dr. Fisher's predecessors had tried to let it. There were no takers. He had even hinted darkly about selling it to an American who wanted to transport it, brick by brick, to the United States.

Dr. Fisher lost money on the job—even though it paid £10,000 a year. He now gets £15,000. And he once said: "Ordinary decent men find it hard to be honest about their income tax."

But he brought the sprawling diocese to an order it had seldom attained before. In the six years he served in Fulham Palace—the six dark years of the war—he achieved a reputation for administrative ability, humility, and sheer hard work.

IN 1945 there was still some surprise when he was made Archbishop of Canterbury and, so, Primate of All England—next to the monarch, the leader of the Church of England.

For he had stayed out of the limelight and he had never been an active figure in the controversies which have rent the Church.

The Church has, for a hundred years and more, been actively split between the "Low Church" which is militantly Protestant and the "High Church" which favours a form of service and a doctrine close to those of the Roman Catholic Church. Between them there has grown up a third party called the "Broad Church" which believes that a Church established by the state ought to be broad enough to include within it a wide enough range of views to enable a whole nation to find a place for its conscience.

As the late Dean Inge put it, the third party believes that "the clergy are specialists-makers. Ours is a difficult trade because we have to help people to see the invisible. But it is absurd to provide standardized specialists. No two people want exactly the same thing and no two have the same path to it. It is to that party that Dr. Fisher no doubt belongs. But the third party has often been

as militant as the two principal disputants and Dr. Fisher has never joined them in their crusades.

But his very reticence probably had a lot to do with his elevation.

Bishops and Archbishops are officially elected to office by the Dean and Chapter of the relevant cathedral. But, before they can proceed with the election, they must receive a royal licence to hold an election. With the licence there is always a letter from the monarch: telling them who to elect.

No one has ever recorded a case in which the instruction has been ignored. Queen Victoria issued these instructions personally. But King Edward VII, who succeeded her, left the matter in the hands of the Prime Minister—except in the case of Dr. Inge.

Since then Prime Ministers have had the final say—though they, of course, have come to rely on the advice of the incumbent Archbishops of Canterbury. At the moment the power probably rests mainly with the incumbent Archbishops.

A limited union with the Church of South India, one London vicar proclaimed on the notice board outside his church that members of the Church of South India would not be admitted to Communion services.

Dr. Fisher did not object. The Archbishop's office rule by force. His leadership is moral and, within very broad limits, no one is required to follow it. Even at that, he prefers to guide rather than lead except on a few issues—like the sanctity of marriage.

The curiously English result is that there is probably less controversy within the Church now than at any time in the last hundred years. And, with the decline in disputes, there has been a slow but continuing increase in church attendance.

Dr. Fisher's policy is not startling; but it is honest and it seems to work.

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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

THIS WINGATE ALSO SERVED

WINGATE OF THE SUDAN.
By Ronald Wingate Murray. 21s. 274 pages.

THIS is a good moment, with the modern Sudan facing new dangers, to recall the personality, and achievements of one of the handful of soldiers who made it — Sir Reginald Wingate, once known to every school-

boy as "The Sirdar" (Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army). The night after the battle of Omdurman was won, Kitchener had a "vision" of a new Africa, peaceful, thriving, united. In the Sudan the first phase of the vision was realised during the decades that followed. Its chief architects were Cromer, Kitchener, Wingate and a tough, chivalrous Austrian, Rudolf

Famous speech

When Theodore Roosevelt made a famous speech in the London Guildhall in May 1910 the vision was already emerging from the clouds. "I stopped at village after village (in the Sudan). I was struck by the fact that, while there were plenty of children, there were none under twelve. These were known as 'Government children' because in the days of Mahdism it was the literal truth that, in a very large proportion of the communities, every child was either killed or died of starvation and hardship."

This was Kitchener's "vision" in terms of human lives. Wingate's share in the great task was that of soldier, intelligence officer, ruler. He came from a family of small Scottish gentry (Clunty Wingate was a first cousin once removed), who had gone into trade. His father died young, leaving his mother with ten children to bring up. Somehow Wingate was sent to Woolwich, never all through his career did he have a penny piece to his name.

A knack

What he did possess was a gift for languages (three months to learn a new one), a knack for getting on with (and getting truth out of) men of other races. He would not have understood the meaning attached today by some Americans and even some Englishmen to the words "imperialism and colonialism." His duty was to make Egypt and the Sudan, and their peoples free, self-sufficient and independent.

It was a task for men with a touch of idealism, a sense of mission, a capacity to use power wisely. Wingate fell at last (in 1919) because he wished Lord Curzon to adopt a more liberal attitude to Zapti, the Egyptian nationalist leader. Curzon took the opposite course, until events forced him to recognise his blunder. But then—

NEW BOOKS

reviewed by
George Malcolm Thomson.

"Wingate could not return (to Egypt). He had advised rightly and his advice had been rejected. Disaster had followed and what had been his advice was 'low adopted.' Curzon—it is a shabby familiar story in politics—had to sack a man for being inconveniently right. This is, at any rate, the picture as it is presented by Wingate's son in this amateurish but fascinating biography."

A dramatic moment in the story occurred when Curzon and Wingate met Bonar Law to discuss Egyptian matters. Curzon said that, were his views not adopted, he would have to "consider his position." Wingate left a record of the sequel:

"There was a sudden silence, and Bonar Law, as he called him, said, 'Lord Curzon, you are a member of the Cabinet and when you talk of considering your position you are talking of a Cabinet matter, and I must ask you to say no more.' Curzon did not speak again."

His pension

Dismissed after a career of service to three peoples, Wingate was as poor as when he began it. His pension was to be £600 a year until King George V intervened to get it raised to £1,300. Curzon, perhaps stung by remorse, exerted himself to get Wingate a peerage.

But Lloyd George had earmarked that plum for one of his private secretaries!

These were the rewards of an honourable and resplendent life of service. But there was also the Sudan.



★ THE METAMORPHOSES OF OVID. Penguin. 3s. 6d. 394 pages.

AFTER two scandals in the royal family within 10 years, the Emperor Augustus had had enough. Piousness-loving poet Ovid had to quit Rome for good. Ovid, a member of the Italian gentry, had been brought up to be a lawyer-politician with the prospect of a seat in the

Roman Senate, preferred to write poetry and keep his company.

Sensuous, gifted, thrice-married, he became an ornament of the fast palace set dominated by Julia, amusing dissipated, thrice-married daughter of the prime emperor.

Deadliest enemy

Julia at last shocked her Imperial father beyond endurance by taking as her lover Anthony ("Friends, Romans, countrymen"), until his death the deadliest enemy of Augustus. Julia was banished from Rome by Imperial edict and, from boredom or annoyance, starved herself to death.

Ovid, simultaneously displeased the emperor by publishing a poem, "The Art of Love," full of witty, still topical advice on the diet, cosmetics, tactics of the love affair.

"Let white onions, sent from Megara, be eaten; eggs too and Hymettian honey. 'White is a shameful colour in a sailor but let every lover be pale.'"

"Let leanness also prove your feelings. 'Arrive late, and make a graceful entrance when the lamp has been set: delay will enhance your charm. Though plain, in the tips you will seem fair, and night herself will hide your faults.'"

Ten years later, Augustus exiled the poet. The pretext? Ovid had written an immoral poem. The cause? Ovid had imprudently got mixed up in the social misdeeds of another Julia, daughter of his old flame, Julia I. Twice was too often.

Moving verse

Ovid (famously known as "Nosey") was sent to a small colonial town at the mouth of the Danube where the natives were invaders; bewailed his pitiable lot in moving verse. Later he became reconciled to his barbarous surroundings; learned the language of the invader savages and stood for the town council. Died at 60 in the year 17 A.D.

The "Metamorphoses" are the most reputable work of this nimble-witted, sophisticated Roman, mingling the sparkle of the society entertainer with the stringency of the true poet. They contain his most famous line: "I see which is the better course, and I approve it; but still I follow the worse." Ovid wrote it; lived it.

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

BEWARE OF THEM!

Beware of women with untidy hair! was the "warning" given by Mr Frank Grein, the Master of the Incorporated Guild of Hairdressers, Wigmakers and Perfumers, at the annual conference of members at St. James's Palace.

Mr Grein said it was so true that one could tell people's characters by their hair, that when an author of a play wanted to depict a woman of loose character, a drunkard or an opium smoker, he usually showed her with extremely untidy hair.

He said: "Hair is also an indication of health, although, on the contrary, great masses of it may be a sign of constitutional weakness. As to character, one often notices that blondes are physically active and they say that sometimes they are quick-tempered. I find that the hardest and most efficient workers have the lightest hair and the lightest clothes."

When interviewing applicants for jobs I like many other employers, take notice of the colour of the hair and the neatness of style."

MUST BE TO BE A SUCCESSFUL

Channel swimmer one must, primarily, be abnormally fat. This is the conclusion reached after a three-year medical investigation into the ability of Channel swimmers to endure cold water.

Tests were made during each of the International Channel swimming races since 1951, and there were also experiments with volunteers in Lake Windermere. The principal conclusion drawn is that the thickness of sub-cutaneous fat found in the average well-built individual, and this was responsible for their great resistance to cold.

The investigators note that here appears to be loss of confidence among Channel swimmers in the effectiveness of grease. It mostly washes off during the swim, and they found they can keep just as warm without it.

SURRENDER America's

Strategic Air Command, which controls thousands of great warplanes, has surrendered to a little flock of whooping cranes.

The Command has announced that it will not expand its air force bombing and anti-missile range on Matagorda Island, off the south-east coast of Texas.

Plans had been made to expand the range to train more combat crews in handling planes which would carry nuclear weapons in war.

But the whooping cranes, the Matagorda Island area as a winter resort. They breed on the Great Slave Lake, in the North Canadian wilds. Now there is a danger that they may become extinct. There are only 20 left and authorities in the United States and Canada have been protecting the birds.

The US air force, in making its decision known, made no direct reference to the cranes, but admitted that there had been a conflict between "military requirements and private interests."

The "private interests" included the Canadian Government, bird societies, and the United States Government Fish and Wildlife Service.

The extended bombing range on the island would have brought exploding bombs within a half mile of a wild life sanctuary.

WORLD'S FIRST

The world's first indoor bullring is being planned in Spain. Until now Spain's bull-rings have been open to the sky on the Roman arena style.

Now, however, the designer of the new bullring (Bilbao architect Don Frederico de Ugalde) maintains that his revolutionary idea will enable the ring to be used for football matches, athletic displays, and other public events as well as for bullfighting.

THEY ONLY FADE AWAY

Once 100 strong, the Old Comrades' Association of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion, Middlesex Regiment, now has only seven members, all over 70.

The funds are exhausted—they have been used to help members in need—and the last of the "old and bold" have

agreed to meet annually in a Twickenham public house to talk over old times.

The Battalion was started by a group of men who travelled by train from Twickenham to the City before the First World War. When war broke out they formed a volunteer unit, bought their own uniforms and used dummy rifles. Later came official recognition and a proper title for the Battalion.

Some members joined the regular forces but 600 remained with the Battalion, training during the evenings and at week-ends, and doing their civilian jobs by day. When war ended the Battalion was disbanded but the Old Comrades' Association, now down to the last seven, has been meeting annually ever since.

REUNITED IN KOREA

When John Francis of East Farleigh near Maidstone, Kent, and Jack Guiley of Sydney, Australia, said goodbye at Oxford University 11 years ago they never expected to meet again. Now, both captains, they have just been reunited at an Army station in Korea.

They first met at Skinners School, Tunbridge Wells, and in 1944 went on together to Oxford where they shared a room. Then they were called up. John became a regular soldier and went to India, returning home to Britain in 1946. Jack served in Europe and Palestine and went back to Australia in 1947.

After four years with the Australian Broadcasting Commission he was recalled for 12 months to serve in Korea. There the one-time room-mates met again—both captains.

PRISON DEAL

Across the Irish Sea they have been trying out a New Deal, an Ulster's prisons, which should appeal to any good (or bad) Irishman, North or South. And the treatment is proving a success. It is making prisoners more law-abiding and content.

Briefly, the idea is to make prison life brighter; reward good behaviour; remove feelings of despair.

Last Christmas privileged men were allowed to go home to their families. All reported back on schedule.

They were also allowed to smoke. As a result they seemed happier.

This year Christmas leave will again be given. But not only that. The authorities are considering granting prisoners a week's holiday in the summer.

£1 TO CROSS THE ROAD

A London cabbie whose best fare was a man who wanted to cross the road and paid him £1 to get across—had retired after 56 years in London.

One of London's oldest cabbies, Mr Sidney Newman, 81, of Slough, Buckinghamshire, remembers among his most famous passengers the Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor, and the late King George VI. When they were boys he frequently drove them from London's Bath Club, where they used to go swimming, to Buckingham Palace. Another of his Royal passengers was Princess Beatrice, sister to King Edward VII.

The man who wanted to cross the road pushed a £1 note into Mr Newman's hand outside the Fitz Hotel and asked to be driven to the Mayfair, just across the street. When he alighted he handed over another 10s. note, presumably as a tip.

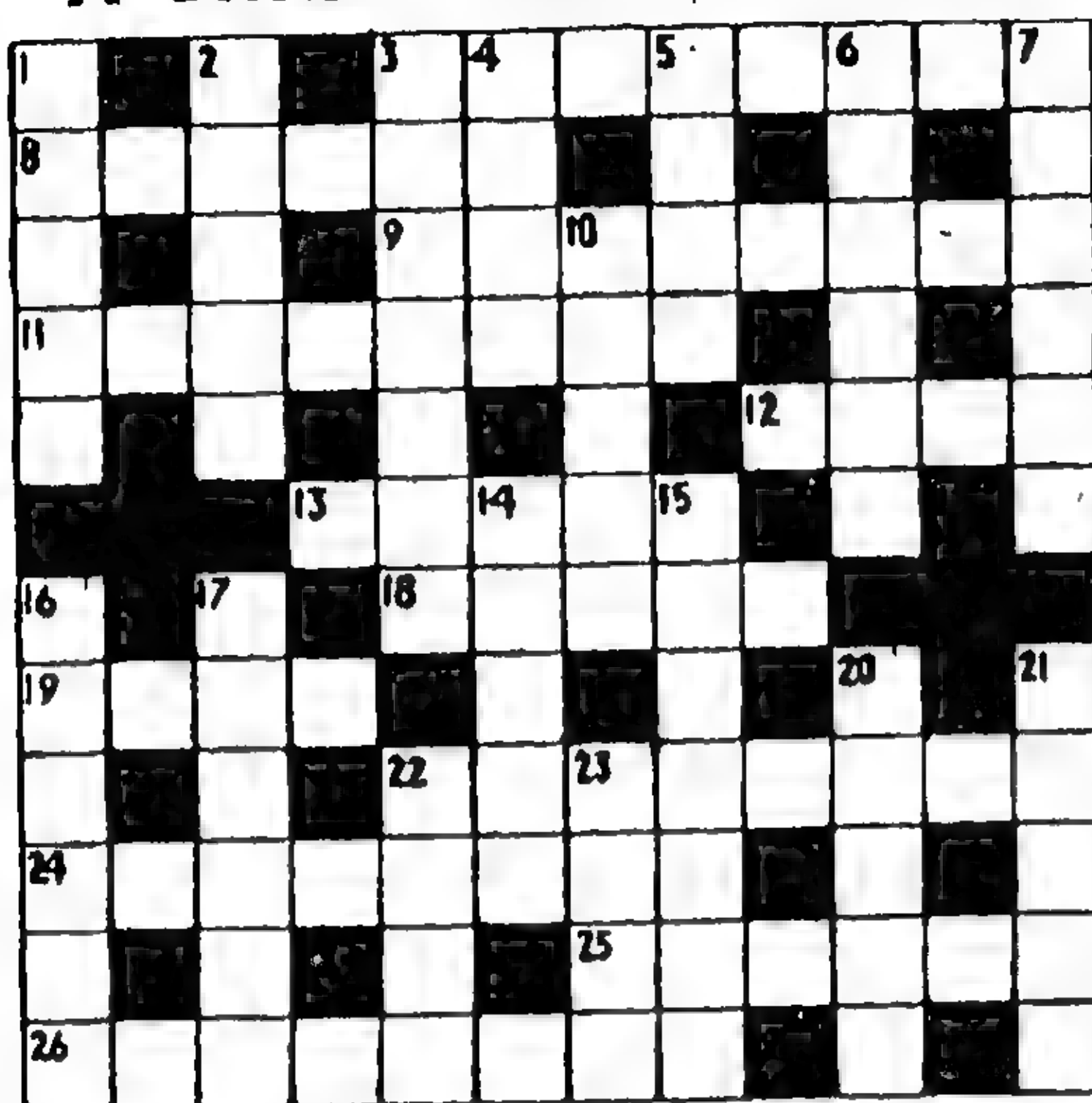
Mr Newman, who served in both world wars, changed over to a motor taxi in 1938 and was one of the first drivers to hold a licence.

WANTED: NOSEY PARKERS!

They are looking for "nosey parkers" in Suffolk. They need volunteers to talk to the old folk in the villages and find out about life in the past. Also wanted are parish records probably hidden away in attics and farmhouse chests.

A spokesman of Suffolk Rural Community Council said: "We need a 'nosey parker' in every village. Soon it will be too late to find out about village life prior to the machine age."

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
- 1 Maturing (8).
 - 2 Joined (6).
 - 3 Military men (8).
 - 4 Sympathisers with (8).
 - 5 Merriment (4).
 - 6 Ward off (5).
 - 7 Follow (5).
 - 8 Absorbed (4).
 - 9 Communications (8).
 - 10 NCO (8).
 - 11 Milt (8).
 - 12 Royal emblems (8).
- DOWN
- 1 Meal (5).
 - 2 Symbols (5).
 - 3 Determined (7).
 - 4 Object of worship (4).
 - 5 Fishes (4).
 - 6 Highest conceptions (8).
 - 7 Strained for breath (8).
 - 8 Amorous glances (5).
 - 9 Go in (5).
 - 10 Struggles (7).
 - 11 Summary (5).
 - 12 Scanty (8).
 - 13 Precious stone (5).
 - 14 Burnt remains (5).
 - 15 Defensive ditch (4).
 - 16 Wise (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 1. Dropped. 2. Opposite. 3. Pastor. 4. Thirteen. 5. Ales. 6. Ferment. 7. Tapered. 8. Opposite. 9. 20. 10. 20. 11. 20. 12. 20. 13. 20. 14. 20. 15. 20. 16. 20. 17. 20. 18. 20. 19. 20. 20. 20. 21. 20. 22. 20. 23. 20. 24. 20. 25. 20. 26. 20. 27. 20. 28. 20. 29. 20. 30. 20. 31. 20. 32. 20. 33. 20. 34. 20. 35. 20. 36. 20. 37. 20. 38. 20. 39. 20. 40. 20. 41. 20. 42. 20. 43. 20. 44. 20. 45. 20. 46. 20. 47. 20. 48. 20. 49. 20. 50. 20. 51. 20. 52. 20. 53. 20. 54. 20. 55. 20. 56. 20. 57. 20. 58. 20. 59. 20. 60. 20. 61. 20. 62. 20. 63. 20. 64. 20. 65. 20. 66. 20. 67. 20. 68. 20. 69. 20. 70. 20. 71. 20. 72. 20. 73. 20. 74. 20. 75. 20. 76. 20. 77. 20. 78. 20. 79. 20. 80. 20. 81. 20. 82. 20. 83. 20. 84. 20. 85. 20. 86. 20. 87. 20. 88. 20. 89. 20. 90. 20. 91. 20. 92. 20. 93. 20. 94. 20. 95. 20. 96. 20. 97. 20. 98. 20. 99. 20. 100. 20. 101. 20. 102. 20. 103. 20. 104. 20. 105. 20. 106. 20. 107. 20. 108. 20. 109. 20. 110. 20. 111. 20. 112. 20. 113. 20. 114. 20. 115. 20. 116. 20. 117. 20. 118. 20. 119. 20. 120. 20. 121. 20. 122. 20. 123. 20. 124. 20. 125. 20. 126. 20. 127. 20. 128. 20. 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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

Commentary On The Big Race

New Edition Of Music Magazine Starts Tomorrow

One of the most exciting races of the season is always the Kwantung Handicap. This year's race should cause even more excitement than usual, as the Cash Sweep looks like being an all-time record - over one million dollars are involved.

The Kwantung Handicap and Autumn Plate is a race for first class ponies, and is run over a distance of 1 mile 171 yards, approximately. If you are not able to go to the races yourself this afternoon - listen at 2.50 this afternoon to a commentary by John Wallace from the Hongkong Jockey Club.

Tomorrow morning, at 12.15, Radio Hongkong introduces the first edition of a new programme, "Music Magazine". The editor is Peter Sharp, who has a wide knowledge of music and musicians.

In this programme, visiting celebrities passing through Hongkong will be invited to talk about themselves and their work, and perhaps to illustrate their technique, local artists who give public and radio recitals may expect to hear appreciative and critical comments on their programmes, and interesting musical news from all over the world will find a place in this magazine.

In tomorrow's edition, Arrigo Foa and Ely Alves play and discuss "Madrigal" by Martini. George Luzzatto talks on the 150th birthday of "Pellegrini", and the Reverend Father T. F. Ryan, S.J., will talk about Vaughan Williams' "Sea Symphony", which forms part of this week's Sunday Concert.

ST CECILIA'S DAY

Monday is St Cecilia's Day and, to mark the occasion, Radio Hongkong is broadcasting, from the Concert Hall, a short extract from the "Ode to St Cecilia" by Purcell.

It is a four-part song, conducted by Father Beretta, with Ely Alves (viola) and Isidore Adwee (piano) and has been specially arranged to honour the Patron Saint of Music on her festival.

"VIEWPOINT"

In Monday's edition of "Viewpoint" at 8 o'clock, you can hear the famous novelist, Alex. Waugh, in an interview in which he talks about "My Personal Problems as a Novelist". There will also be a book review by Mary Velick, and the programme will be edited and introduced, as usual, by Janet Tomblin.

HONOUR FOR QUEEN MOTHER

On Thursday, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, will be installed as Chancellor of London University. A commentary by Audrey Russell on the ceremony, which will take place at the Royal Festival Hall, will be re-broadcast by Radio Hongkong from the BBC London at 11.10 on Thursday evening.

"THIS WEEK"

In tonight's edition of Radio Hongkong's topical "Magazine Programme", two film stars are interviewed; listeners are taken behind the scenes at the GPO where the Christmas rush is on; the SPC Fashion Parade is discussed; a "News of the World" correspondent describes his travels among Army units in the East; and a visiting company director with a famous name is interviewed.

"POPULARITY POLL"

Listeners to the hit parade programme with a weekly cash prize of \$50, "Popularity Poll".

FERD'NAND



Calling 11th. Infantry Workshop
R.E.M.E.

6.55 WEATHER REPORT.

7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

7.05 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

7.15 "THE HARMONY FIVE" (RECORDING).

An army quintet of the 1st Battalion the King's Own.

Royal Regiment.

7.30 "J.U.D.I.C." "JUKE BOX".

Presented by Nick Kendall.

"THIS WEEK" (RECORDING).

New Ray report and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong.

Compiled by David Lytle.

8.30 "CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT".

Marlene Dietrich, at the Cafe de Paris.

Introduced by Noel Coward.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL.

STUDIO: SPORTS CAVALCADE.

Edited by Brig Young.

9.30 HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR.

With Tony Hancock, Mollie Lane, Bill Kerr, Sid James.

10.00 MUSIC FROM THE CHAMPAGNE ROOM.

By Del Val's Bubbles.

Introduced by David Lytle.

10.30 SATURDAY STORY (RECORDING).

"Nerves" by Patrick Chifford.

Read by John Wallace.

10.45 RADIO DANCE DATE.

11.25 WEATHER REPORT.

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12.45 FROM THE FILMS. REPORT

1.15 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT

1.25 STUDIO: SPORTS TIME.

1.35 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

Presented by Brenda.

2.30 WEATHER REPORT.

2.45 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

Quartet No. 78 in G major, Op. 78 No. 1 (Haydn) - The Dances.

3.00 GYPSY MELODIES.

3.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

3.30 WEATHER REPORT.

3.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

4.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

4.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

4.30 WEATHER REPORT.

4.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

5.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

5.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

5.30 WEATHER REPORT.

5.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

6.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

6.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

6.30 WEATHER REPORT.

6.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

7.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

7.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

7.30 WEATHER REPORT.

7.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

8.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

8.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

8.30 WEATHER REPORT.

8.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

9.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

9.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

9.30 WEATHER REPORT.

9.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

10.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

10.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

10.30 WEATHER REPORT.

10.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

11.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

11.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

12.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

12.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

12.30 WEATHER REPORT.

12.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

1.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

1.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

1.30 WEATHER REPORT.

1.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

2.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

2.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

2.30 WEATHER REPORT.

2.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

3.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

3.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

3.30 WEATHER REPORT.

3.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

4.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

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4.30 WEATHER REPORT.

4.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

5.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

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9.30 WEATHER REPORT.

9.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

10.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

10.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

10.30 WEATHER REPORT.

10.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

conducting the London Symphony

Orch. A Sea Symphony (Vaughan

Williams) - Isabel Ballie (sop) and

John Cameron (baritone) with London

Philharmonia Orch. cond. by

Adrian Boult.

10.45 FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

10.55 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

Quartet No. 78 in G major, Op. 78 No. 1 (Haydn) - The Dances.

3.00 GYPSY MELODIES.

3.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

3.30 WEATHER REPORT.

3.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

4.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

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4.30 WEATHER REPORT.

4.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

5.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

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11.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

12.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

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12.30 WEATHER REPORT.

12.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

1.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

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1.30 WEATHER REPORT.

1.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

2.00 MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.

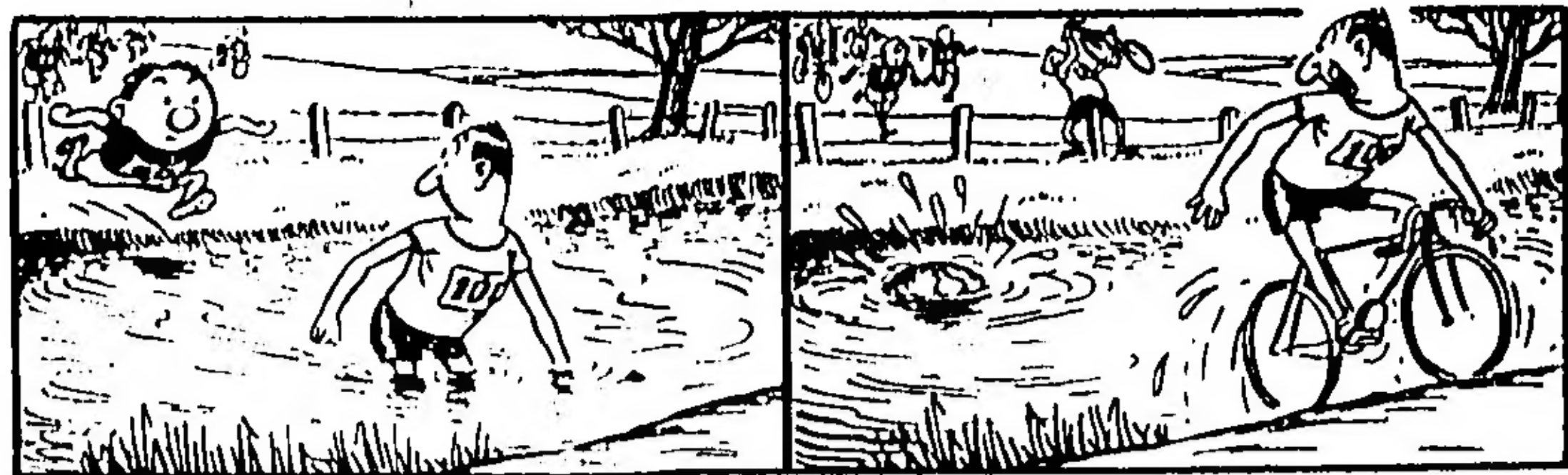
2.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

2.30 WEATHER REPORT.

2.45 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



Softball Spotlight On South China-Pandas Tussle Tomorrow

By "TIME OUT"

This week's softball spotlight will fall on the South China-Pandas tussle at King's Park at 2.00 p.m. tomorrow when these old arch-rivals cross bats in a diamond duel. The other Senior "A" Division game featured in this week's card will see the hard-hitting US Navy boys in a clash against C. C. Lee's Chinese Athletic contingent at 11.00 a.m. in the morning.

The Senior "B" Comets, still nursing the wounds from their recent defeat at the hands of the Delawares, will be having a "field day" when they take on the cellar-dwelling Hurricanes nine for the second time.

The Ladies' section only provides one tussle this week as the League-leading Wahoons meet the lowly Overseas bases in the morning's curtain-raiser. The minor leagues are featured in three skirmishes: this afternoon, with the limelight focussing on the razor-like struggle between Wah Yung and the Eagles at 4.00 p.m.

With their age-old feud still going strong, the South China lads will spare nothing in their slugfest with the Pandas in tomorrow's feature game. Con-

ceding their newly recruited team in the defence against a very much seasoned Nam Wah outfit, Tony Wu's Pandas can only rely on the unexpected to allow the team to come through.

Since batter Richard Chen will probably toe the rubber for the Pandas with recently reinstated Raymond Tsao, left-arm ball-bowling of old Panda fame, directing the stunts behind the bird cage. Lanky Harold Ong will be posted at his usual position at first base while key man of the infield quartet, Y. S. Liang,

will be patrolling the area around the windy alley.

Relief hurler Willie Woo will take the stand as the keystone while newcomer J. Chen covers the hot corner. The outfield trio is sparked by batting champ Philip Hsu in the left field spot.

STAR-STUDDED ROSTER

South China shows a more star-studded roster and, as proved by their victories, they look as good on the field as they do on paper. Having their one weakness of past years, the pitching department, reinforced by the appearance of windmill artist "Goose" Wong, this squad has hung on to the second place position and still remain hot on the trail of the League-leading Braves.

The names of veterans like "Rabbit" Leung, C. M. Tsang, Seldon Ma, L. C. Poon and Y. K. Chan need little mention as these "big guns" have always remained deep in the minds of the many Chinese fans who troop out to the park week in and week out.

Though the morning fracas between Uncle Sam's boys and the Chinese Athletics will not be as hard-fought, fans can expect thrills and spills aplenty as the gobs often dish up a screwy brand of ball in connection with their noisy chatter to supply the bleachers with loads of fun.

C. C. Lee's Athletics have been shaping up considerably during the season and with the requisitioning of veteran Kaasa Nazarin in the pitching department, have been holding their own against the leaders in their League.

Locked in a three-way tie for the second last slot in the Senior "A" tables with the Black Hawks and the Pandas, the Athletics nine will be fighting more for their morale than anything else tomorrow as the result will not count in the official standings.

The Junior circuit should see the League-leading P. I. Dodgers and Seminoles keep their unblemished records clean as they tangle with the Tai Tung and Overseas respectively.

Both these teams have not suffered a loss in five starts and are well ahead of the other members in their division.

The Wah "Ying-Eagles" encounter at 4.00 p.m. this afternoon should provide the younger set with some thrills as these teams stand as neighbours in the tables with the latter holding the top post.

VISITING TEAMS ARE NOT ENOUGH

HONGKONG FOOTBALLERS WOULD BENEFIT FROM MORE TOURS ABROAD

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

"There is not only the problem of continuing to exist; but of making life fruitful and existence worth while". So wrote Aristotle some 25 centuries ago.

Such a quotation and its originator may, at first glance, seem a long way removed from the football field, and certainly when I came across it the other day in a professional journal I did not immediately translate it into terms of soccer, but the more I thought about it the more I felt that there was in fact a wealth of wisdom in it as far as the game was concerned. Let us see how it connects up with the Hongkong football firmament.

No longer today is it possible or beneficial to look at football in isolation or consider it as it is played within the confines of a particular country or continent. If I may be allowed to misuse a term I would say that one must nowadays study the whole epistemology of the game in order to evaluate any individual circumstance or achievement.

Against this wide panoramic background it is worth while to consider for a moment how Hongkong fits into the overall pattern.

Our first great drawback is surely our geographical position. The premier footballing countries of the world are far removed from the Colony and while the wonders of modern air travel have gone a long way towards solving the difficulties of distance and movement, they have not yet simplified the economic problem to any great degree.

BASIC ABILITY

To many of us there is no longer any doubt about the basic ability of the Chinese footballer. He has a generous ration of all the essential qualities with the possible exception only of physique, but in recent years he has shown that in his natural environment he can play a type of game which minimises this deficiency.

It is indeed timely to reflect on all these various points for the first of our seasonal visitors will soon be with us. During the months ahead we shall have the pleasure of seeing footballers from very different parts of the world, and while there is nothing but praise for the enterprise of the HKFA which makes these visits possible, it is well for the soccer public to remember that they will be seeing the visitors in action in conditions which—in many cases—will be very different from those in which they usually perform.

This leads me very naturally to the necessity for our own men to get out into the highways and byways of world football and start gathering the same sort of experience. Distance, time, and finance are difficulties to be overcome; they must not be regarded as obstacles insurmountable.

The soccer wealth of Mozambique in talent or money is certainly no greater than that of Hongkong and the visit of a team from the area merely underlines the fact that if the Colony is to become a real force in international competition, and be accorded world class recognition, then it must undertake similar tours abroad.

CAUSE FOR HOPE

Last year there was cause for hope that the HKFA would send a representative team to Europe and it was a blow to the logical progress of our football when the projected tour did not materialise.

Club tours serve a most useful purpose but they are not, and never can be, a substitute for full blooded representative tours abroad.

The various territories of the world have developed their own soccer styles and methods mostly within the general framework of the FIFA rules, and while we may be able to glean something of these from visiting teams it should not be forgotten that the different interpretations while they are here, it is therefore much better—a long-term basis—for our men to be sent out to submit themselves to the interpretations of other football communities.

Memories are often short but we only have to look back a few months to the South China tour of Australia to have ample reminder that we are still a long way from being hardened and conditioned to the variety of conditions that crop up in international events.

With all this in mind it would be a sure stimulant and a real progressive step if the HKFA started now to arrange an overseas tour for next summer.

How right Aristotle was when he made his statement. It is just not enough merely to allow our football to "exist". It has to be made fruitful so that its existence will be worthwhile, but it cannot be made fruitful in our own backyard. International travel and competition are the ideal fertilisers to stimulate the growth and fruition of the game.

Football is—judged in terms of time—a comparatively modern innovation; it can still gain benefit from the reasoned thinking of 2,500 years ago.

SUBSTITUTES OR NO?

To substitute or not to substitute... that is the question. Great interest is at present being taken in this matter by the soccerites in the United Kingdom; and the battle "for" and "against" is being waged with heat and fervour.

For years there has been undisputed hostility in the home countries to the acceptance of substitutes under any circumstances, and as everyone is entitled to his opinion I make no secret of the fact that I align myself with the antagonists for I dislike the substitution practice intensely.

I like to see a match played on the merits of the original two selections, and I have always regarded the matter of injuries to players as one of the accepted hazards of the game. However, the hostility of any particular group of associations—or of individuals—does not of necessity make the point of view the right one, and recent happenings in Britain have given rise to many second thoughts on the subject.

The current wave of interest has been encouraged by the fact that the outcome of several important games has possibly been

influenced by injuries to star goalkeepers a vital stage of a match.

The greatest objection to the principle of substitutes is that it is exploitable. Exploitation leads to open abuse, and that in turn leads inevitably to trouble. While there is undoubtedly a certain amount of logic in the idea of substitutes there is also a certain "X" factor which is very much suspect... and that is the establishment of a yardstick against which the inability of a player to continue can be fairly judged.

Theoretically it is easy enough but in actual practice it is not so. However, in spite of the shortcomings I am almost convinced that now I must place myself on the side of those who advocate the replacement of an injured goalkeeper at any stage of any game. The last line of defence is a highly specialised job and the premature loss of a keeper is too big a handicap to be really acceptable to genuine sportsmen.

Football is still a game, commercialised as it may be... so let us be ready to maintain a sense of fairplay as far as injured goalkeepers are concerned. Won't you feel that this is a matter that is well worth consideration here in Hongkong? There are many who do.

WEEK-END GAMES

There is a restricted list of games in the Senior Division this week-end with two games today and two more tomorrow. Here is the list.

Today: Eastern v. Police at Caroline Hill; Navy v. South China at Causeway Bay.

Tomorrow: Army v. Kitchener at Caroline Hill; Club v. Sing Tao at Club Stadium.

All games will start at 3.45 p.m. Neither Eastern nor South China look in very much danger today and both should add a couple of points to their already healthy totals at the expense of Police and Navy respectively.

The best game of the week-end will probably certainly be the clash of Army and Kitchener at Caroline Hill tomorrow. Kitchener came a hefty cropper against Eastern and will be keen to get back on the winning road, but they will find that the soldiers after a couple of weeks' rest will not be easily beaten.

Sing Tao should get a brace of points from their meeting with their near neighbours the Club. The Club boys are finding it hard going this season and the footloose lads should be too strong and too fast for the veteran defenders in blue and white.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Briggs (Blackburn), with 33.
2. 16, which is also the maximum.
3. Yes, providing it touches another member of his side first.
4. Cambridge, 1879.
5. (a) Reg Harris (b) Pancho Segura (c) Ronnie Moore.
6. Three.
7. Golf. Eagle is the name given to two strokes under, albatross to three strokes under bogey, and birdie is the name given when a golfer holes in one.
8. Tourist Trophy.
9. The Isle of Man.
10. The river Thames, from Putney to Mordlake.

RUGGER QUIZ ANSWERS

- (1) Since one man from each side is sufficient to make a scrum Joe was at fault for handling the ball in the scrum. (Law 15 (a) (b)). Joe's memory of Law 17 is also a little weak for he must IMMEDIATELY play the ball, or get up or roll away from it under that Law.
- (2) Law 10 (c) states that an off-side player, becomes on-side, when an opponent INTENTIONALLY touches the ball.
- (3) Under Law 3 any objection arising in connection with Law 1 and 2 must be made BEFORE the first kick-off.

NEW AIR LINK TO SOUTH AFRICA...

via DARWIN, Australia

Now you can fly from Hong Kong via Darwin (Australia), Cocos Island and Mauritius to Johannesburg... with Qantas super service at your command all the way. From Darwin, you fly in mighty comfortable Super Constellations and spend a relaxing one-day stop-over at beautiful Mauritius. It's the fastest, finest route across the Southern Hemisphere. Ask your Travel Agent.

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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



FOR BOUNCING GOOD HEALTH



For the most refreshing



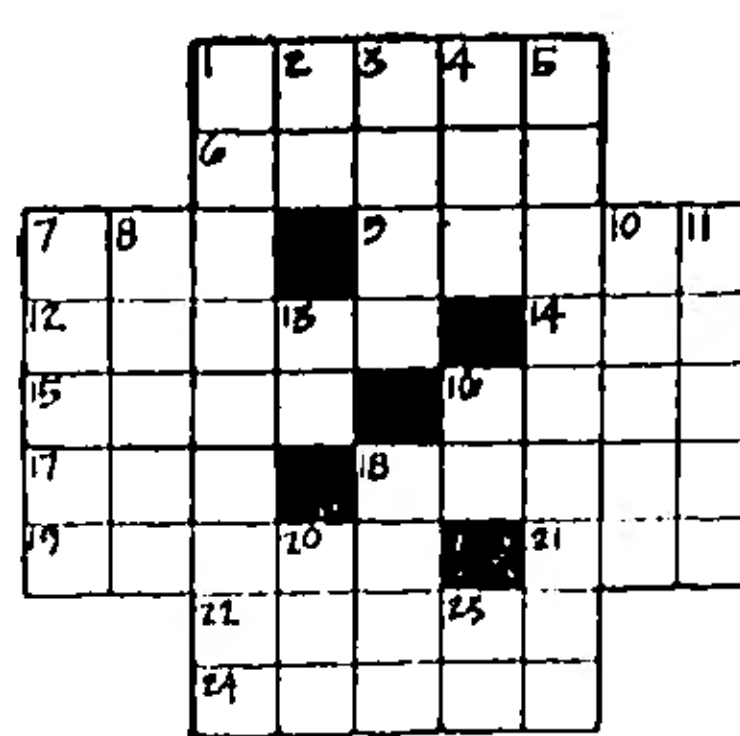
★ ★ ★

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A bird (4)
2. A small cat (4)
3. A kind of perfection (6)
4. A kind of (4)
5. A kind of (4)
6. A kind of (4)
7. A kind of (4)
8. A kind of (4)
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DOWN

1. A kind of (4)
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22. A kind of (4)
23. A kind of (4)

WORD CHAIN

Change MARE to COLT in four moves, making sure you change only one letter at a time and have a good word. Now change COLT back to MARE in four moves using different words from the first time where possible.

HOMONYM

The Puzzlemaster says the meaning words in his sentences sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you fill in the right words?

—one could—what might happen next.

WORD SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in each row to form a good word, and then move the next row down until they read the same down as across.

E	O	M	N
O	K	N	T
O	C	K	R
E	O	N	R

TRIANGLE

ADORED makes a base for the triangle. The second word is an abbreviation for "lord", third "and", fourth "a motor trip", and fifth "an insect". Finish the triangle from these clues.

A
D
O
R
E
D
A
D
O
R
E
D
A
D
O
R
E
D

New Issue From The Stamp Republic

A DAINTY yacht clips smartly through a sea of azure blue—and once more the little stamp republic of San Marino sends us a new issue.

It is in honour of a stamp exhibition which the republic has organised, and certainly San Marino should be most efficient at this sort of thing because it lives, apparently, by and for stamps.

Every week, it seems new issues go out to the stamp shops of the world and find their way into the albums of the world's collectors.

The yacht stamp of the stamp festival is performed 13½ by 14 and printed by the photogravure process—which brings out the detail with almost life-like perfection.

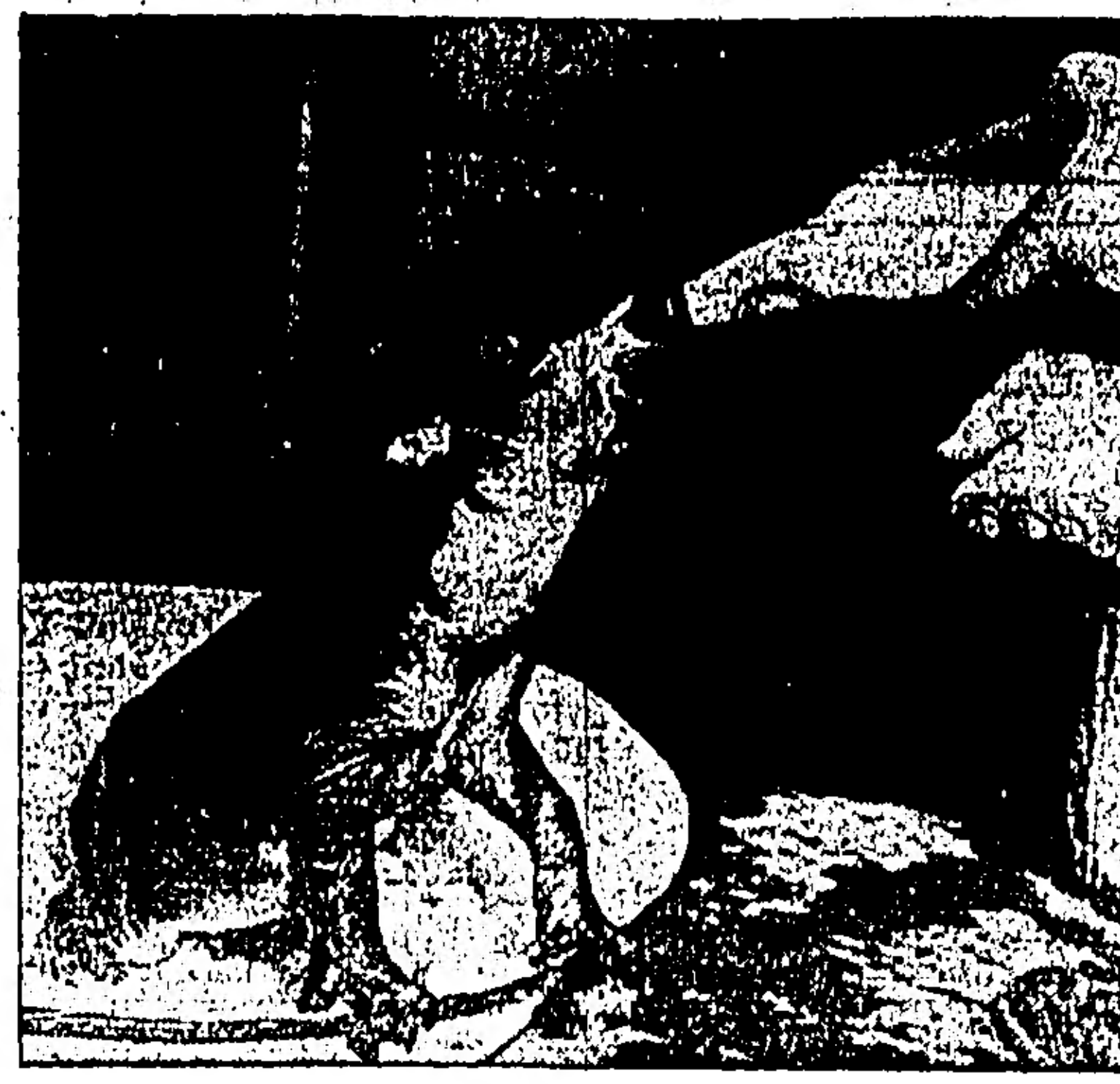
The stamp costs 1/8d. in London.—J. A. A.

THESE BABIES CRY FOR THE BOTTLE, TOO!

WHEN they're full-grown, these babies will want a variety of foods, from grass to peanuts. But while they're still young, they cry for just what human babies cry for—their bottle. In case you'd like to practise on something smaller than an elephant, you can use the milk method successfully with such tiny creatures as orphan baby birds. Best you use a medicine-dropper in that case!



Cheetah, aged five months, insists on her own drink at a cocktail party given by Paris zoo sponsors. She's a "society" leopard.



This little eight-pounder is only a pygmy hippo, but if he keeps on drinking at this rate, Skipper will soon be non-pygmy.



Mrs Florence Myers of Cleveland "has a little lamb whose fleece is white as snow." Sally makes a cuddly lapful.

Different Kinds Of Odd Tongues

PEOPLE use their tongues for talking and tasting, but birds and animals use them for many different things.

There are a lot of different kinds of tongues in the world. People and most animals have tongues made of muscle, and they are prehensile. That means they can stretch or suck them out.

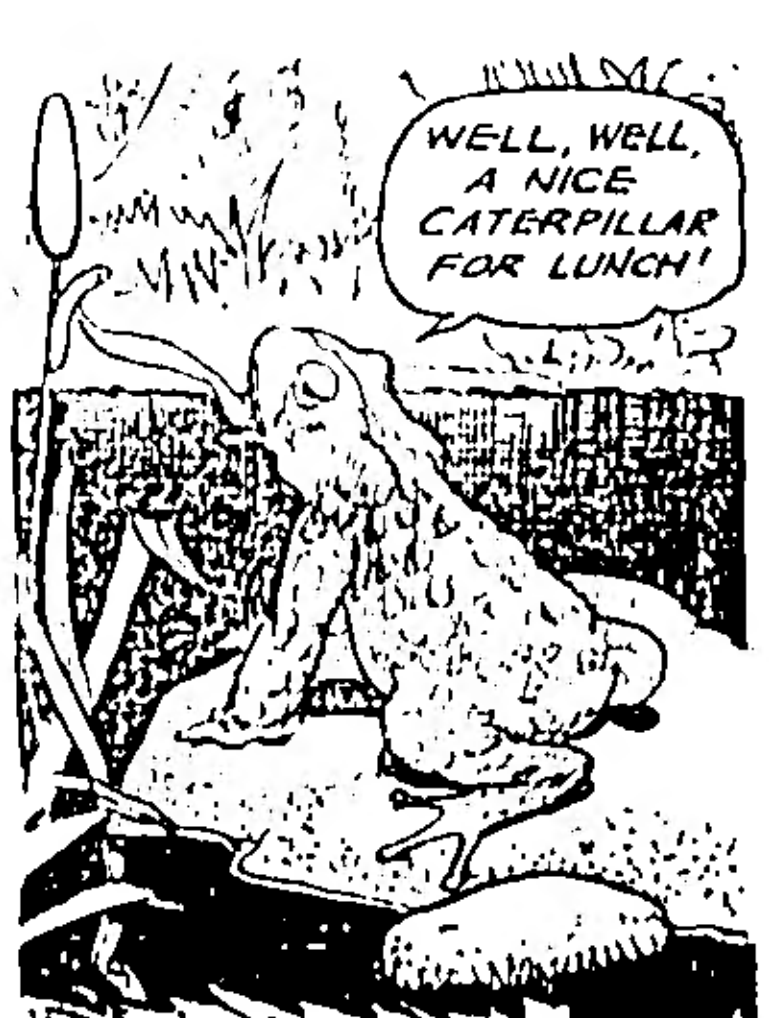
A toad's tongue is prehensile. It is also sticky, and it's fastened in the middle and loose at both ends. He can stick it out at a passing fly, catch and swallow the fly, and be sitting still as a glass toad a moment later, waiting for a grasshopper.

PRICKLY

A bird's tongue is hard and rather rough. This helps him to hold on to anything he is carrying. The penguin has a spiky or prickly tongue. With it he can catch slippery fish and the other sea food he likes.

The honey bee has a long thin tongue. It will reach deep down into the heart of a flower and gather up the honey. The honey elixir because there are some little hairs on his tongue.

There is a little lizard called the gecko that has a tongue so long he can reach up and wash



his eyes with it if he has a hard to. It helps him keep dust out of his eyes.

But the creature with the longest tongue of all for his size is the anteater. One kind of anteater has a tongue so long it won't all go in his mouth. No, he doesn't run around with his tongue hanging out. But his tongue begins away back below his throat. It is fastened to his breastbone! What a time doctors must have looking at that tongue.

—Evva Brinker

PAPAGO INDIANS HAVE NO WANDERLUST

ONE of the most remarkable archaeological sites ever excavated in the United States is Ventana Cave. It's in the Castle Mountains on the Papago Indian Reservation in Arizona.

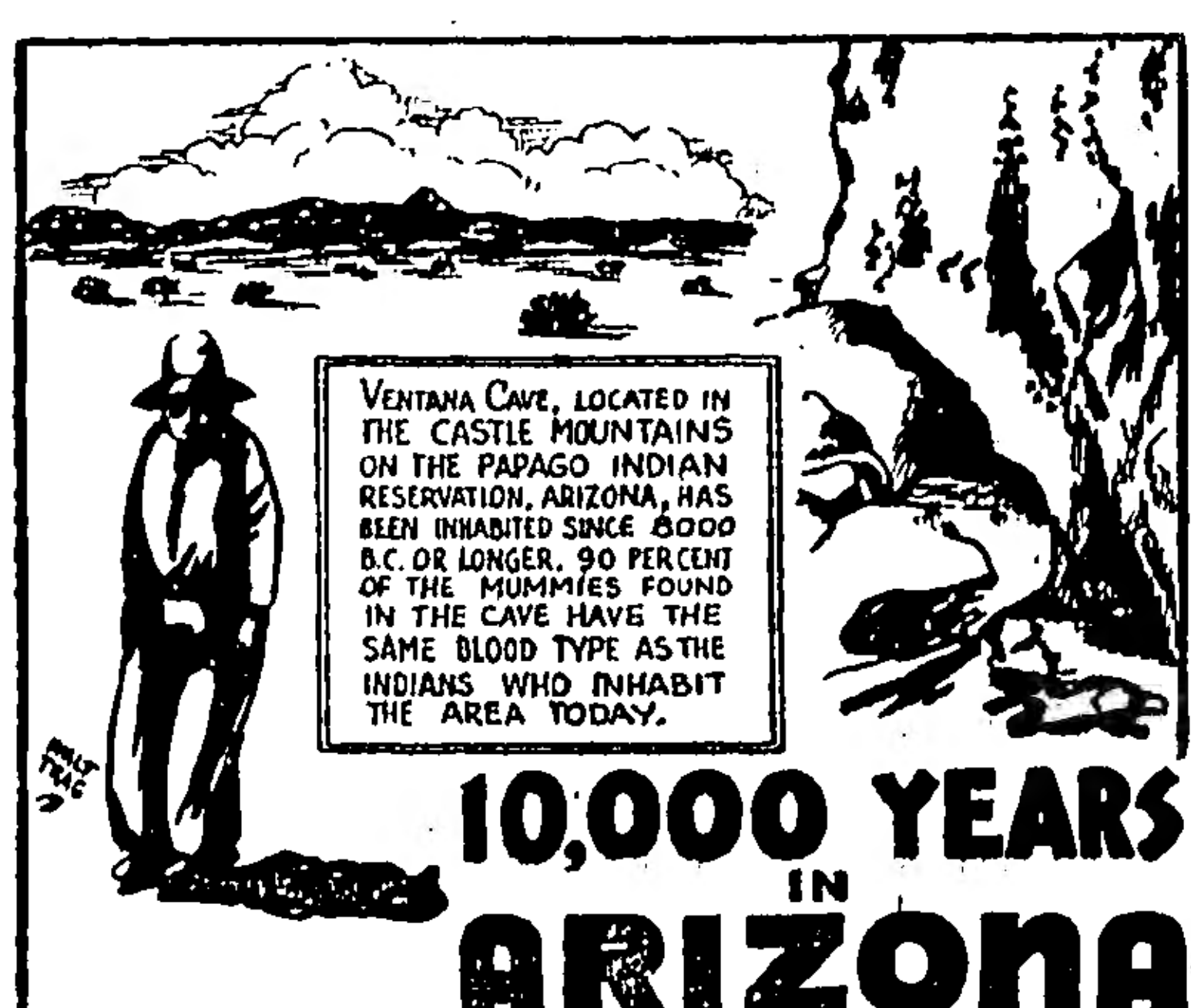
This cave has been continuously inhabited since 8000 B.C.—perhaps even longer. The blood types of the mummies discovered there are 90 per cent type "O," the same as that of the Papago Indians who inhabit the area today. This suggests that they may be of the same race.

The cave is located in a desert area where summer temperatures of 115 degrees are not uncommon. But when man first came to what is now Arizona, the country was covered by a luxuriant growth of grass and rivers flowed across the plain. Today, a spring remains in the cave, a never-failing source of water since the days when now-extinct animals roamed the U.S.A.

The remains were first discovered in 1941 by Professor Emil Haury of the University of Arizona. He already knew of the cave's existence, but since it wasn't large, about 150 feet long, and had been fully explored, he didn't expect to find much of value.

But over three dozen mummies were uncovered, all of them in the first few feet of digging. As he dug down through the centuries, Dr. Haury came to the period when the dead were cremated instead of buried. Further digging revealed the period when pottery was first used. (Corn became a staple item of diet about the same time.)

Over 11,000 stone implements, as well as many shell and bone remains, were uncovered. Fifteen feet the archaeologist dug and near the bottom came the most interesting discovery of all: bones of animals that no longer exist in the United States. There was the tapir, which today is found only in



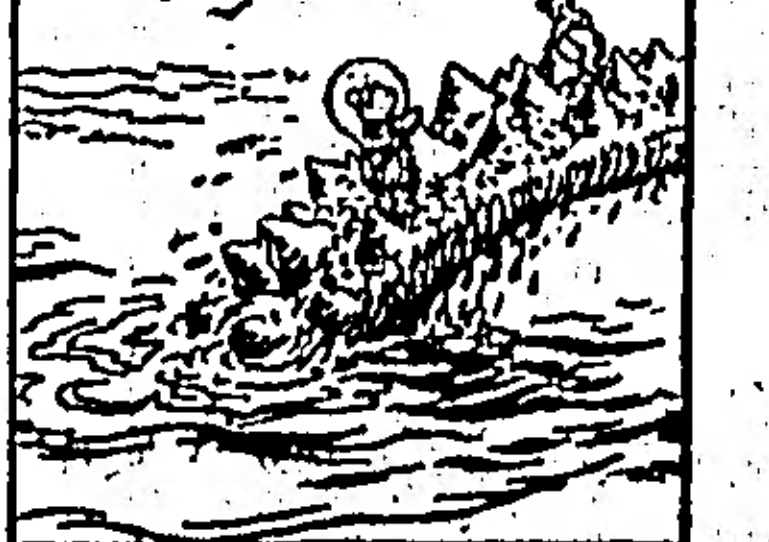
VENTANA CAVE, LOCATED IN THE CASTLE MOUNTAINS ON THE PAPAGO INDIAN RESERVATION, ARIZONA, HAS BEEN INHABITED SINCE 8000 B.C. OR LONGER. 90 PERCENT OF THE MUMMIES FOUND IN THE CAVE HAVE THE SAME BLOOD TYPE AS THE INDIANS WHO INHABIT THE AREA TODAY.

Ten thousand years is a long time for human life to exist in the same place but further research may prove the period to be even longer. For tapirs and ground sloths were among the animals upon which these early Indians fed; and these creatures, say some experts, have not lived in North America since 13000 B.C.

Rupert's Deep Sea Adventure—30



Rupert obediently holds tight to one of the rocky spikes while the Merboy swims rapidly forward and disappears. "Where has he gone? And why am I so sticky on here?" Rupert mused. He soon finds the answer. "Hi, this isn't a rock, it's beginning to rise!" he gasps.



And, sure enough, while he clings on he is carried up through the water, first slowly, and then faster, until suddenly he is out in the sunlight. Ahead of him, his little friend is moving back towards him. "How do you like our perspective?" smiles the Merboy.

TIPS TO HELP YOU HIT THE BASKET OFTEN

By JAY WORTHINGTON

THERE are only two basic shots, really, in basketball: the shot under the backboard, and the shot from out on the floor. The fewer different shots you practise, the more often you will hit the net.

The commonest shot under the backboard is called the lay-up. Jump off your left

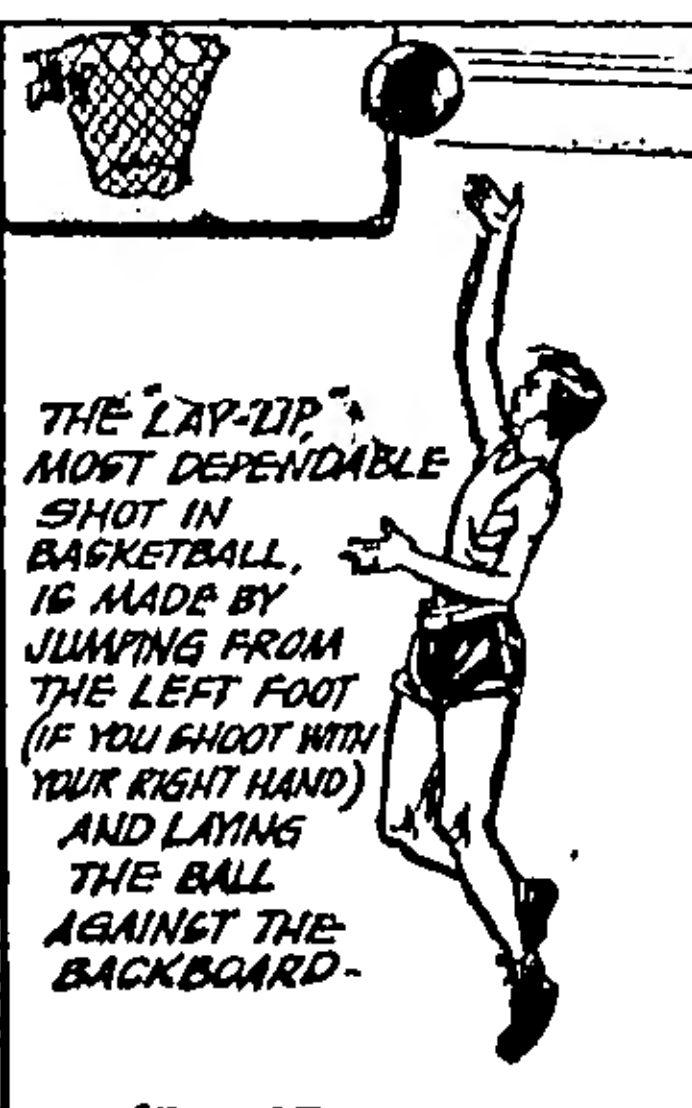
Today's basketball favours the one-hand shot. There are several types of one-handers. Generally speaking, the "hook" and other pivot shots are used more by tall players. Smaller players often use jump shots to escape the reach of long arms.

The old two-hand shot is still good for a long try. The two-hander is made by pushing or flipping the ball from the chest, with both feet together in a balanced or "set" position. The one-hander is considered better

at shorter distances, however, because the shooter can get off his shot more quickly.

Watch the different types of shots used by good players. Try them, until you find the one that seems best for you. Then concentrate on that one shot. Move around. If you can make your shot from only one place on the floor, rival teams may recognise you as a "spot" shooter and smother you.

The best shooters never stop practising. You can't, either, if you hope to be one of them.



THE LAY-UP, MOST DEPENDABLE SHOT IN BASKETBALL, IS MADE BY JUMPING FROM THE LEFT FOOT (IF YOU SHOOT WITH YOUR RIGHT HAND) AND LAYING THE BALL AGAINST THE BACKBOARD.

foot. If you shoot with your right hand, and simply "lay" the ball against the backboard at the top of your jump. No spin. Nothing fancy. Just lay it up there, and you'll never have trouble under the basket.

The lay-up is the most dependable shot in basketball, which is why so many plays are built around it.

One tip: try to jump straight up, when possible. Any forward motion of your body will affect the ball's flight, and may spoil your aim.

There is often a temptation to broadjump at the basket, especially when a rival guard is breathing on your neck. But remember that the guard is more likely to foul you than block the shot in mid-air.

When the rival defence is blocking your plays under the basket, you will need the other shot: from out on the floor. The chief difference here is that you aim the ball at the rim instead of the backboard.

Most coaches don't care what type of shot you use as long as you do two things: 1. Know when to shoot. 2. Put the ball in the basket.

Teddy Gets His Wish

—Even Though His Legs Were Too Short for the Pedals—

By MAX TRELL

TEDDY the Stuffed Bear complained to Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names: "Why has everyone in the whole world got a bicycle except me?"

Hanid said very kindly as she took Teddy's hand: "You poor little dear! I know how you feel. But you aren't right when you say that everyone in the world has a bicycle except you."

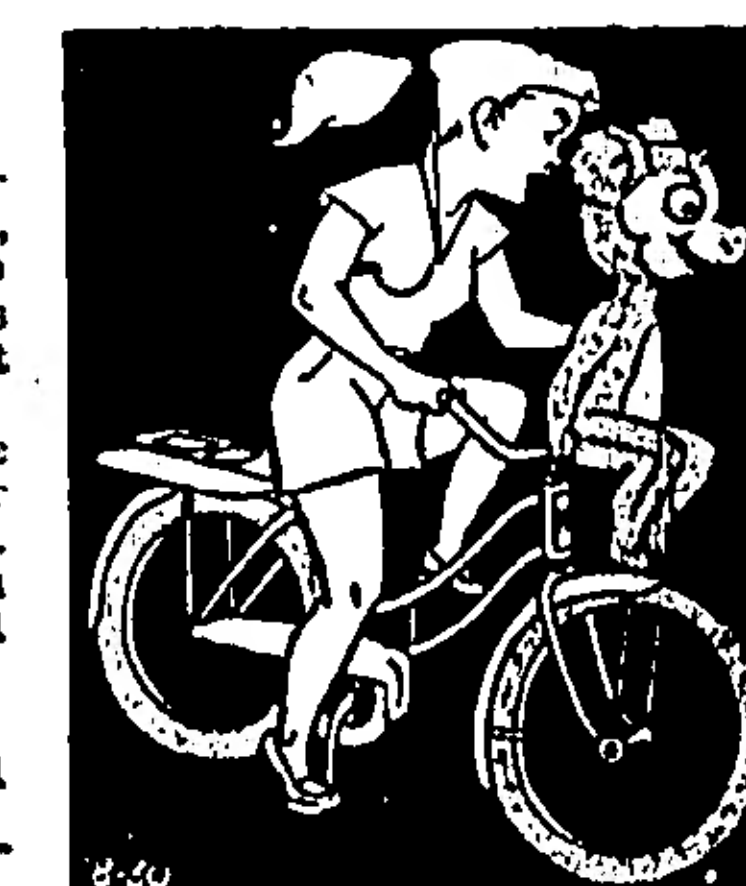
The Shadows Have Them "But you have a bicycle," said Teddy.

Hanid nodded. "And you have one," Teddy said, looking at Knarf.

Knarf nodded, too. "You poor little dear! I know how you feel. But you aren't right when you say that everyone in the world has a bicycle except you."

"Wait for what?" asked Teddy. "Wait until they grow," said Hanid.

"Pigs can't ride bicycles, either," said Knarf, who had just come up to join Teddy and Hanid at the open door. "Their legs are even shorter than yours."



Teddy rode on the handle bars of the little girl's bike.

"They're too short," said Hanid. "You can't ride a bicycle if your legs are too short."

"Where can I get long legs?" asked Teddy.

"You can't get them anywhere," said Hanid. "You have to wait."

"Wait for what?" asked Teddy. "Wait until they grow," said Hanid.

"Pigs can't ride bicycles, either," said Knarf, who had just come up to join Teddy and Hanid at the open door. "Their legs are even shorter than yours."

So up and down the street he went, with the breeze blowing through his hair, riding a bicycle just like all the pigs and elephants and giraffes and cats and dogs and mice and cows and horses and other Teddybears weren't.

Some Interesting Facts

The Canary Islands are a group of islands that are located off the coast of West Africa and they belong to Spain. If you should visit these islands, don't expect to find thousands of yellow canaries flying about and singing sweet songs, because the wild ones that you might see would be greyish brown in colour and poor singers.

have so increased that they are now regarded as a pest.

The soft mulch that develops in forests in one of the prime reasons why forests help prevent erosion. This soft and spongy rain water and prevents it from running off immediately.

Many areas, too rugged to be planted in seedling trees, are seeded by aeroplane. Pine, oak, and maple seeds are often broadcast from above in this way.

Flooding department stores, boats called bumboats, serve the huge freighters on the Great Lakes. The bumboats, most of them about 65 feet long, dock at the freighter's side and sell anything from gloves to tobacco to the big ship's crew.

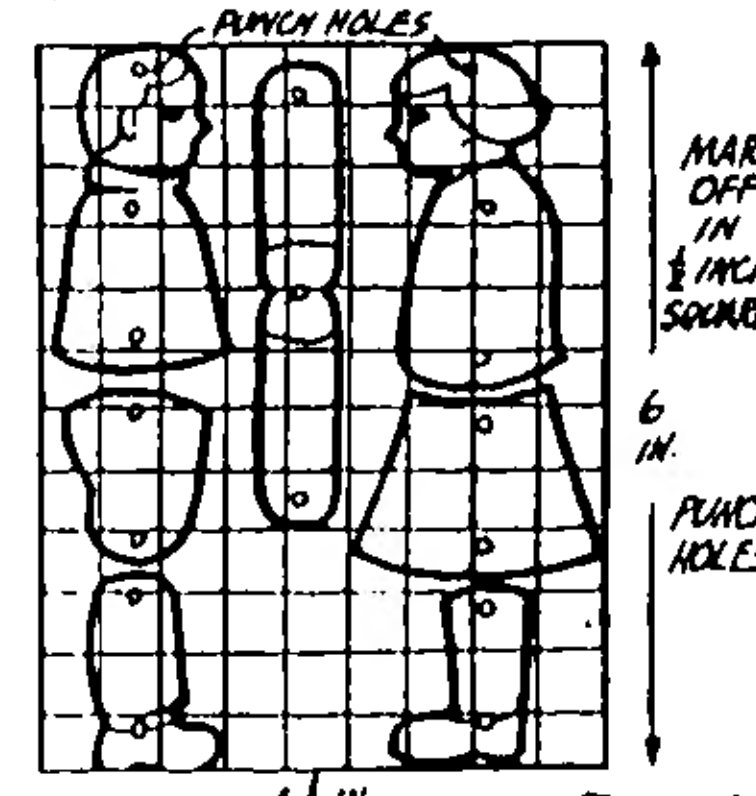
White-tailed deer imported by New Zealand from America

like birds, some insects migrate in the autumn.

Like birds, some insects migrate in the autumn.

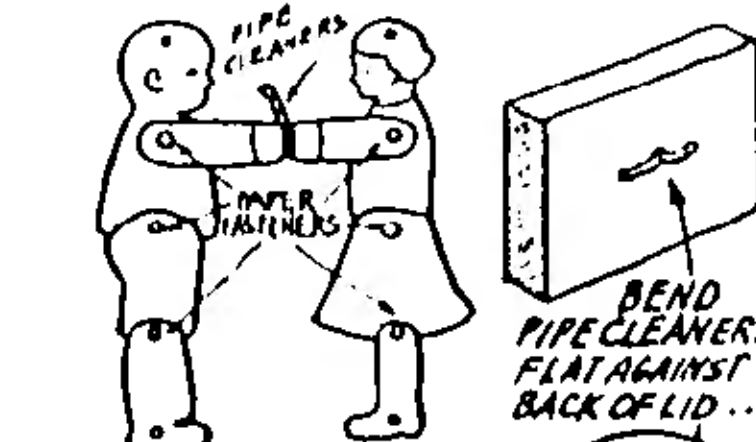
SQUARE DANCERS

1. Draw the dancers on CARDBOARD...color them with CRAYON and cut out.

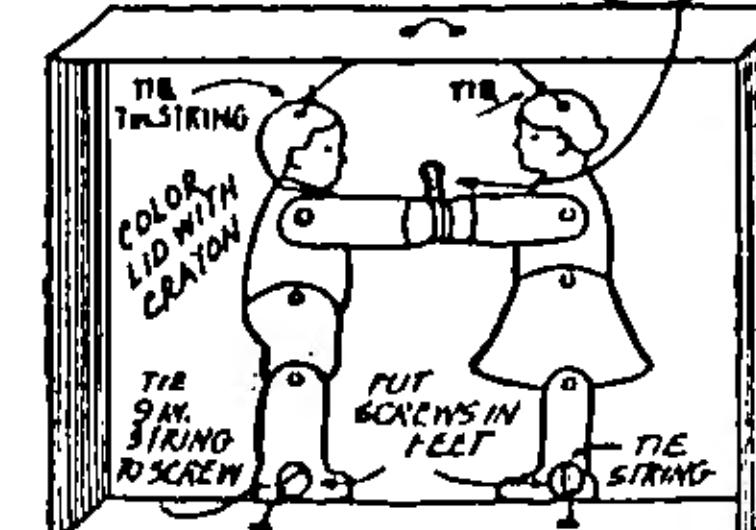


2. PUT 2 PIECES OF PIPE CLEANER THROUGH HOLE IN CENTER OF EACH ARM.

3. Put the dancers together with PAPER FASTENERS.



4. PUT THE DANCERS IN A BOX LID LIKE THIS.



TURN THE PIPE CLEANER IN THE BACK TO MAKE THEM DANCE!

4000'S WHO

WILD TURKEY GENERALLY TAKE WATER ONLY ONCE A DAY, FLYING FROM THEIR ROOST FOR THE DAILY DRINK.



SCIENTISTS CAN DETERMINE THE AGE OF SKELETONS BY MEASURING THE AMOUNT OF RADIOACTIVE CARBON IN THE BONES. AND MOST OF THE SURVIVING MARSHALS, OFTEN IS CALLED "LAND OF LIVING FOSSILS."

OYSTERS ARE RICH IN COPPER, IRON, IODINE AND VITAMINS.

